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WITH SUPPLEMENT:
THE ART OF THE CAMERA. SIXPENCE.

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The Prince Consort.

The Queen.

THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND IN THE COSTUME OF HER SUBJECTS: HER MAJESTY, IN FRIESLAND DRESS, WATCHING A DOG-CART PARADE.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOPS.

A quaint feature of the parade was the fact that the ladies riding in the dog-carts wore Friesland dress, while the gentlemen wore top hats and frock coats. It is also noticeable that the driver sat on the side opposite to that which is customary in this country.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

Perhaps the two most important people in our civilisation at present are the two elder'y ladies who defended their residence with drawn swords. They are in the true sense a portent, that is, not merely a wonder, but a warning; they are sign in heaven of the apocalypse of London. At first one feels disposed to deal with their case merely fancifully; to let one's imagination run loose along the line of thought suggested. One thinks of their rallying round them a band of gay and desperate maiden-ladies, living in the saddle and by the sword, making raids from the hills and leaving burning cities in their terrible trail. One imagines them returning to carouse in their caverns amid gold and blood, calling tempestuously for tea as they hurl down their cutlasses and carefully remove their gloves. But I think, upon the whole, I prefer to contemplate the simplicity of the mere fact. I like to think of those amiable and respectable elderly modern ladies standing together in their parlour, the tea-cosy and the muffins on the table, the daguerreotype of Cousin Eustace and the coloured print of Queen Victoria on the walls, the neat bookshelf containing "Enquire Within," "The Lamp-Lighter," and an album with pink pages—and in their hands two enormous and shining cavalry sabres with which they are conscientiously ready to slaughter their fellow-creatures. They eyed the swords, I fancy, with a trace of disquiet. They must have looked rather like those figures of virgin martyrs that may be seen in the old illuminations—virgin martyrs each of whom carries a gigantic axe or a portable rack or a gridiron on which she has been grilled at a previous stage of her career. But in that case the saint carries the weapon of her enemies. It was certainly one of the boldest and most picturesque of the revolutions made by Christianity, this idea that the things used against a man became a part of him; that he could not only kiss the rod, but use it as a walking-stick. It was felt, I suppose, that when a red-hot spear had been driven clean through a gentleman's body it became in some sense his property. Torture itself was turned into a decoration; as if we were to make an artistic wall-paper pattern out of gibbets and cats-o'-nine-tails. But if applied to people who die now, it would be odder still. If a man died of typhoid in Camberwell, for instance, you would have to depict him (in Christian art) as embracing a very big drain-pipe with a hole in it. Or if a man were thrown out of a hansom cab he (in Christian art) would be obliged to carry the cab, as it could not carry him. Alpine climbers who had met with fatal accidents would be a difficulty. It would be rather tiresome to hold a glacier in one hand wherever you went, or always go about with a precipice under your arm. But this fruitful subject of a modern martyrology is leading me away from the subject on which I started to speak, the subject of the spinsters with the swords. They, I repeat, were not martyrs holding the instruments of persecution. On the contrary, they were the persecutors. I fancy they persecuted a policeman (which must be a very jolly thing to do) by bashing his helmet in.

I have no disrespectful feelings towards these two poor old ladies, for there is nothing in the least disrespectful about being amused. We are all amused at our wives, but that is not inconsistent with being filled also with a sacred fear. The old ladies were, I believe, religious enthusiasts, which is all right. And, as for the matter of the policeman, my surprise is not at all directed towards the energy of their conduct on that head. We should always endeavour to wonder at the permanent thing, not at the mere exception. We should be startled by the sun, and not by the eclipse. We should wonder less at the earthquake, and wonder more at the earth. And on the same philosophical principle, I can say, with the most solid sincerity, that I do not wonder at the impatience of the old lady in knocking the policeman's hat off half so much as I wonder at the patience of all the rest of us in leaving it on. The thought that the world contains uncounted millions of sane and healthy men none of whom have knocked a policeman's hat off overwhelms me with a great tide of mystery, like the multitudinous mysteries of the sea. The two ladies were, I suppose, what we crudely, but for necessary purposes, call mad. But that has nothing to do with their being worthy of very serious and reflective study. On the contrary, mad people are sometimes more representative than sane ones, because they have a certain nudity of mind which shows many things that the wise know and conceal. It requires a very wise man indeed to teach fools. But he must be a very hopeless fool whom fools cannot teach.

The ladies with the swords are interesting in exactly the same manner that the Agapemone is interesting; of course, in much more reputable sense, and I apologise to the poor ladies for the comparison. But their similarity consists in this, that they are both evidences of the violent outbreak of elemental things in the suburbs. It is the inviolable law of all civilisations that the thing you attempt to extirpate you will certainly

exaggerate. Our modern cities, particularly the suburbs of our modern cities, are strictly and carefully designed to be sensible and secular; therefore they will certainly, before long, be on fire with the most senseless kinds of superstition. The men in happier lands shall live lightly with their faith, and take off their hats to Heaven as to an old companion. In Clapton you will have straight roads and straight talks, and a total ignoring of the mysteries. Therefore in Clapton you shall have a man screaming in the sunlight that he is divine, made the stars, turning open sin into a sacrament. You shall teach all men that war and revolution are worse evils than surrender and slavery, that a blow is ungentlemanly, and a crusade caddish. Therefore the weapons that citizens will not take maniacs shall discover and brandish, and when men have left off wearing swords, women shall begin to wave them. For the truth is that the eternal things are rising against temporary things. The gods are rebelling against men.

We must be prepared for an increasing number of incidents of this type, Cockney incidents of a violent and ludicrous romance. We must not be unduly surprised at two London females carrying great swords. Before we have done with the matter we shall see bankers carrying battle-axes, curates hurling javelins, governesses girt with great knives, and charwomen settling affairs of honour with rapiers. The arguments by which the scientific persons attempt to prove that men must become more mechanical or more peaceful always ignore one not unimportant factor—the men themselves. Civilisation itself is only one of the things that men choose to have. Convince them of its uselessness and they would fling away civilisation as they fling away a cigar. The sociologists always say what will happen in the material world, and never seem to ask themselves what would be happening meanwhile in the moral world. A perfect allegory of this may be found in a passage of Mr. Barry Pain's delightful book, "De Omnibus." The scientific working-man endeavouring to explain to the others the law of gravity, or some such triviality, asks the omnibus conductor what would happen if he, the speaker, dropped a penny into his, the conductor's beer. I quote from memory: "'It 'ud drop to the bottom wouldn't it?'" says the scientist. "Yuss," I says, "that's one of the things that 'ud 'appen. Another thing 'ud be that I should punch your fat 'ed off at the root for takin' a lib with my liquor.'" That is the sacred and immortal voice of mankind replying to the insolence of the specialist. The sociologist tells us that all sorts of things under certain conditions must happen, that the obliteration of nationality must happen, that the command of everything by science and scientific men must happen; and all because some particular economic or material fact must happen. "Yuss," we says. "That's one of the things that 'll 'appen. Another thing 'll be that we shall punch their fat 'eds off at the root for takin' a lib with the moral traditions of humanity." Their evolution will go on exactly until our revolution chooses to begin.

If we cannot provide the great cities and the great suburbs with some kind of poetry, they will simply go on breeding these broken fanaticisms that make women wave sabres and men found insane religions. If we will not have religion, we are reduced to the even more annoying necessity of having religions. If we will not have romance in dress, in carriage, in mode of thought, the romantic element in mankind will materialise itself in the form of a great clout on the head with a cavalry sabre next time we go to call on a maiden lady of independent means. For it cannot be too often insisted upon that the way to avoid sentiment becoming too sentimental is to admit the existence of sentiment as a plain, unsentimental fact, a thing as solid and necessary as soap. Some unhappy Stoics in the modern world are perpetually concealing their emotions for fear of what they call "scenes." And the consequence is that they are always having scenes from morning till night. The sensible Stoical English father goes purple in the face and swears and splutters against the sensible and Stoical English son. The sensible and Stoical English son goes red to the roots of his hair, and curses and gasps and exclaims against the sensible and Stoical English father. And all because they will not simply and sanely confess their emotions. All because they will neither of them merely say, "My dear father (or son) I am horribly fond of you, and at this moment it would give me enormous pleasure to throw a chair at your head." Their reluctance to admit their emotions becomes the most violent of all their emotions. Their shame of sentiment makes them more sentimental than any man need naturally be. Romantic and openly emotional people never make scenes. They never make scenes, because to them emotion is an easy and natural thing, a thing as evident and human as a man's nose, a thing to be carried as lightly as a man's walking-stick. No, we must do what has been done in the South of Europe. Make your civilisation reasonably romantic, and anyone who is unreasonably romantic will be hooted down the street.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE GAY LORD VERGY," AT THE APOLLO.

Wonders can be done in the way of improving a musical comedy, so that even a piece with so many dull moments as "The Gay Lord Vergy" may yet be converted into a success. But the overhauling will have to be thorough, and fun must be imported wholesale; for, despite its title, gaiety is just what the successor of "Véronique" lacks. Truth to tell, in being set to adapt this particular opéra-bouffe—the story of which is placed in the days of the Crusades, and is embellished with a characteristically French conception of the diversions with which the Crusaders' wives killed time in their spouses' absence—Mr. Sturgess was given too hard a task, inasmuch as the Paris vogue of the play depended largely on certain peculiarly Gallic audacities which could not be retained in an English version. Hence, large excisions were inevitable, and Mr. Sturgess has been unable to fill the gaps with legitimate buffoonery. Still, the main idea of the plot is so quaint—it is that of a sham Crusader whose tales of his own prowess are exposed by the inopportune arrival of true knights from Palestine—that there ought to be a chance for an entertainment built on such lines, especially as the music, whether the original score of M. Terrasse or the additional concerted numbers of M. Theo. Wendt, presents an easy flow of melody and shows considerable adroitness of orchestration, while the singing of both Mr. Normand Salmond and that accomplished operatic vocalist, Mlle. Aurélie Révy, is altogether admirable, and the mounting and dressing of the piece are fully worthy of the Apollo's traditions. But when, as at the first performance of the piece, an audience has to sit painfully wondering when the next joke is coming, it is obvious the comedians should be allowed a freer hand. In a little while, no doubt, Miss Gracie Leigh, who already makes much of the part of a music-hall princess, possessed of a rich vocabulary of slang, and that hard-working pair, Mr. John Le Hay and Mr. Aubrey Fitzgerald, will have supplied the now almost missing quality of humour.

"THE HARA-KIRI," AT THE SAVOY.

The tiny Japanese play produced in front of "What the Butler Saw" last Monday night, on the occasion of that merry farce's transference to the Savoy Theatre, is officially claimed to be "more essentially Japanese than any yet seen in this country, not even excepting the performances of Mme. Sada Yacco"; and certainly the picture it presents of old-world Japan and its quaintly costumed heroes and their barbaric modes of fighting is even more naïvely primitive, more completely alien from Western notions of civilisation, than was that given in the little pieces in which the miniature Bernhardt created so great an impression. Here, however, the leading lady plays a very subordinate part. Miss Hanako represents a geisha, and does little more than dance on clogs with pretty, nervous movements. The story of "The Hara-Kiri," as its title might suggest, deals with the business of men and warriors—with patriotism, that is to say, and with the devotion of a servant who, being unable, despite desperate fighting, to save his master from capture, takes his own life; with the renunciation also of that master, a Samurai, who, on being released for his bravery, swears over his servant's body to quit the world for a Buddhist monastery. The main theme, that of a servant's loyalty, is sufficiently strange to our convention-bound stage; but it is made even stranger still by its grotesque-seeming setting—the variegated costumes, straw capes, and bob-dressed hair of the warriors, their grunts and squints and gnashing of teeth and stamping of feet as they glare at each other and seem purposely to avoid striking each other with their lacquered swords, and meanwhile, added to this, the squeaks of their attendant geishas and the droning of most peculiar accompanying music. It is all very bizarre, not to say ludicrous; perhaps Mr. Miyoshi's performance of the "happy dispatch" will be deemed by English folk too horribly realistic; but it is also extremely fascinating.

MUSIC.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE—NEXT YEAR'S FESTIVAL AT BAYREUTH—SIGNOR MUGNONE.

The Crystal Palace will celebrate the jubilee of its concert work during the present autumn, and all lovers of music who realise how much Sir August Manns and his associates did for their art in days when our younger orchestras were unknown, must agree that the occasion is one for sincere congratulation. It might be said with little exaggeration that the growth of musical taste in London is associated intimately with the development of music at Sydenham. There Beethoven and Schubert made countless new friends, there rising men like Arthur Sullivan, Hubert Parry, and others too numerous to mention received a hearing at the time when they stood most in need of it, while Sir George Grove explained the beauty of the new music to the multitude. Of late years the spread of music in the Metropolis and the failings of the railway companies that serve the Palace have done much to diminish the old-time patronage, but the management is in no way discouraged, and offers a programme that must avail to draw many amateurs from London to Sydenham. On the 14th Marie Hall will play; Kubelik will hold a farewell concert a little later; and the London Symphony Orchestra is engaged for four concerts under the direction of Landon Ronald. It will be seen that the directors are determined to keep up to the standard of past performances, and unless the spirit of appreciation has passed from Sydenham and its environs, the response ought to be worthy of the appeal. The management has issued an interesting review of half a century's music at the Crystal Palace. Mr. Schulz-Curtius announces another Festival at Bayreuth. It will be held between July 22 and Aug. 20 next year, and will consist of seven performances, of "Parsifal," five of "Tristan und Isolde," and two complete cycles of "Der Ring des Nibelungen." Tickets for the cycles will be issued for the four performances

only, and the charge for each seat will be twenty shillings. A special committee will assist visitors in the task of finding suitable lodgings. For the moment, no detailed programme of the performances is to hand. It is worthy of note that the Bayreuth Festival will not interfere to any appreciable extent with grand opera at Covent Garden. Indeed, it will be possible for opera-goers to see the last of the London season and reach Bayreuth in ample time for performances of all they hold most dear.

Signor Mugnone, the new conductor at Covent Garden, upon whose shoulders the mantle of Cleofonte Campanini has fallen, is a conductor so well known and highly esteemed throughout Italy, Spain, and South America that it seems almost necessary to apologise for presenting him to the British public. Thirty-five years have passed since this friend of Giuseppe Verdi made his debut at the Teatro Nuevo in Naples, and was hailed at once as a man whose work could not be disregarded. Since those days he has sat in the seat of honour at the best opera-houses of Italy and Spain, at Milan's Scala and Rome's Costanzi, at the Pergola at Florence and the San Carlo at Naples, the Teatro Real at Madrid and the Liceo in Barcelona. He has also conducted a season of Italian Opera at the Paris Gaité, and has visited South America. He can claim to have been the first to present Berlioz's "Damnation de Faust" and Gluck's "Orphée" to Italy, and to have studied many of Verdi's scores with the composer. Some charming orchestral works, together with an opera founded upon Loti's "Pêcheurs d'Islande" must be put to the credit of his rare hours of leisure. Signor Mugnone is a remarkably gifted musician, with an instinct for beauty and a passion for work.

SIR EDWARD FRY ON VULGARITY.

In his long day Sir Edward Fry has contributed largely to the mental progress and well-being of his generation, and his latest published utterance is one that should be scattered broadcast throughout the land. The speech to which we refer was delivered to the students of the Birkbeck College in Chancery Lane on Monday night, and is remarkable at once for breadth of view, directness of appeal, and a wonderful diagnosis of evils associated with modern progress in its popular aspect. Sir Edward did not mince his words. He quoted Leonard Hobhouse's definition of the man in the street, "The faithful reflex of the popular sheet and the shouting newsboy . . . to whom it is impossible to appeal in terms of reason." He appealed to study as the proper antidote to the worst troubles of the age, and condemned the trashy novel and the paper of scraps and snippets that help so largely to make vulgar people what they are. He commented upon the degradation that the written and spoken tongue of the country must endure in these days of hasty speech and writing, and suggested a study of the law of probabilities as an antidote to gambling tendencies. For the monotony of life that led weak minds to gambling, study would provide a cure. A copy of this speech should be in the possession of every training college in the country.

THE MUSCAT ARBITRATION.

In the days when relations between Great Britain and France were not as they are to-day, great trouble was caused in the neighbourhood of the Persian Gulf and Gulf of Oman by the presence of dhows that were engaged in acts of piracy or slave-carrying under the protection of the French flag. Following the *Entente*, the question was referred to the Hague Tribunal, which made its award in August. A Parliamentary paper containing the award (Muscat, No. 1, 1905) has been issued this week by the Foreign Office. Briefly put, the Hague Tribunal has decided that France may renew licences to fly the French flag granted to owners of dhows before Jan. 2, 1892, but no licences granted after that date are valid unless the grantee was a bona fide French protégé before 1893. Licences cannot be transferred from ship to ship or from one owner to another. While dhows flying the French flag are inviolable in Muscat waters, the owners, masters, and crews of these vessels enjoy no such inviolability and come under the Sultan's jurisdiction as soon as they land in Muscat. Although this award is not the direct and vigorous document anticipated by interested enthusiasts, it may be regarded with satisfaction. Many dhows must now seek a reputable trade or retire from business; and as far as the rest are concerned, the Sultan of Muscat may be relied upon to take timely steps to exercise his authority upon the men who can defy it as soon as their vessels are out of harbour.

THE CONGRESS ON TUBERCULOSIS.

On Monday afternoon President Loubet opened the International Congress on Tuberculosis at the Grand Palais. The occasion was rightly associated with no little ceremony, and the President was received by M. Léon Bourgeois, Chairman of the Permanent Commission for Preservation against Tuberculosis, and by Dr. Hérard, the veteran President of the Congress, who is now in his eighty-sixth year and was present at the first Congress held in Paris during the Exhibition of 1867. Several Ambassadors and members of the Diplomatic Corps were present, and the delegates came from far and near, even China being represented. Dr. Theodore Williams was heard on behalf of the British Delegation, and a very remarkable speech was made by Dr. Schjerning, a distinguished German delegate, who spoke of the spirit that inspired all members of the Congress, irrespective of nationality. In the name of the German States and of the German members of the Congress he thanked the Congress for the welcome accorded to them, and said that he and his fellow delegates would march side by side with the others in the campaign against tuberculosis. The President, who listened with attention

and interest to the speeches of all the delegates, delivered a felicitous address, full of hope that the efforts of the civilised world to combat such evils as plague, cholera, and yellow fever would be crowned with success.

THE WORLD'S PRESS AND THE NEW TREATY.

Some few days were allowed to elapse between the publication of the terms of the Anglo-Japanese Treaty and the appearance of elaborate comment in certain sections of the Continental Press. In the meantime, telegraphic summaries of the opinions of the leading Japanese papers showed that, almost without exception, the tone was favourable to the point of enthusiasm. Japan sees the fruits of her victories assured to her, and faces the remote contingency of an Indian trouble with equanimity; her markets have benefited already by the confidence that the Treaty inspires, and the serious discontent evoked by the ending of the Portsmouth Conference tends to disappear. In Europe the most part of the comment is favourable; but certain organs of German opinion are sounding notes of alarm, and declaring that a Russo-German Alliance will be necessary to abate the Far Eastern nuisance for which Great Britain and Japan are jointly and severally responsible. They point out, too, that France should join a Russo-German Alliance in her own interests; but at the time of writing French public opinion has hardly shown the proper amount of exhilaration that such a prospect calls for. Indeed, it is inclined to misread Germany's free guide to political salvation.

CHINESE COOLIES ON THE RAND.

The latest news from the Rand shows that the problems associated with Chinese Labour are losing nothing of their gravity. So far as can be gathered the efforts of the authorities to track the men who have left work are not being attended with sufficient success to restore public confidence, and while certain outrages are reported by the news agencies it is to be feared that there are others of which the journalists cannot take cognisance. It would appear that the deserters are banding themselves together in small companies, and, as the whole of the country looks upon them with fear and suspicion, they will find it hard to obtain food or shelter unless they secure it by violence. The position of the isolated storekeepers on the Rand is decidedly dangerous.

The successful and diverting new production, "On the Quiet," at the Comedy Theatre, not only keeps the audience in a state of merriment throughout its whole course, but gratifies their sense of the fitness of things by the bright and attractive manner in which it is put upon the stage. Many a hint is taken nowadays from a popular play, not only in the matter of dress, but also in that of the beautifying of home life, for the scenes in many a modern play are examples of good taste. At the Comedy the furniture has been supplied by Messrs. Oetzmann and Co., 62-79, Hampstead Road, W., whose name is so frequently found upon the programmes of West-End theatres.

The special decoration and furnishing of the rooms set apart on the *Renown* for the accommodation of the Prince and Princess of Wales and their suites were carried out by Messrs. Waring, the well-known furnishers.

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Days of the Past. Alexander Innes Shand. (Constable. 12s. 6d.)
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Fishes I Have Known. Arthur H. Beavan. (Unwin. 5s.)
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ELEVENTH

BRISTOL MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

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Mesdames Melba, Albani, Agnes Nicholls, Ada Crossley, Muriel Foster, and Kirkby Lunn; Messrs. Coates, Green, Ben Davies, Ffrangcon Davies, F. Braun, C. Knowles, Andrew Black, Lawrence Irving, Miss Mabel Hackney, Misses Verne, and Herr Kreisler.

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THE WORLD'S NEWS.

THE KING'S RETURN.

King Edward, who went to Balmoral after staying with Lord Burton at Glenquoich, will cross the Border next week on his way to town. He will honour Lord Brougham with a visit at Brougham Hall, Penrith, and will also visit Lord and Lady Barnard at Raby Castle. The Municipal Council of Paris will be received at Buckingham Palace on Oct. 17, and on the following day his Majesty, who will probably be accompanied by Queen Alexandra, will open Kingsway and Aldwych in response to the request of the London County Council.

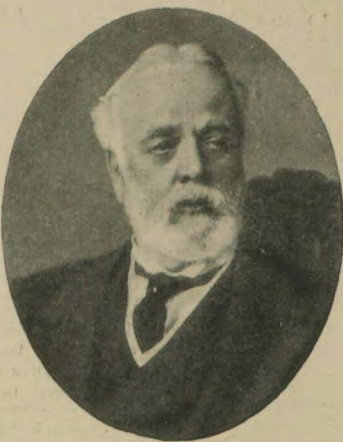


Photo. Stuart.

SIR RICHARD HOLMES,
LIBRARIAN OF WINDSOR CASTLE (RETIRED).

THE OPENING CEREMONY.

For the purpose of decorating the new thoroughfare in honour of the royal visit it has been decided to expend the sum of five thousand pounds, and several stands are to be erected along Kingsway for sight-seers. The structures will accommodate from four to five thousand persons, and it is proposed to invite all official London—that is to say, every person who holds a municipal position. The French visitors, to whose forthcoming reception at Buckingham Palace we have referred above, will also be invited. In the centre of the Aldwych crescent a large dais is in course of erection, and there an address will be presented to his Majesty. It may be remarked in this place that Kingsway will take rank among the finest thoroughfares in the British Isles. It is one hundred feet wide, and will have a subway for electric trams. The County Council, in granting building-leases, will insist upon certain stipulations as to elevation, design, and quality in the new buildings that must make Kingsway a permanent memorial of the Council's excellent handling of the considerable part of London that is committed to its charge.

OUR PORTRAITS.

Sir Richard Rivington Holmes, F.S.A., who is retiring from the post of Librarian at Windsor Castle on the first of next month, was born seventy years ago, and entered the service of the British Museum in 1854. In 1868 he went to Abyssinia as archaeologist to the Expedition, and was rewarded with a medal. Shortly afterwards he was appointed to the post from which he retires now after thirty-five years' service. He is a Serjeant-at-Arms to the King, and was an officer in the late 1st Volunteer Battalion of the Royal Berkshire Regiment. He has published several important works, including a life of Queen Victoria, and is an artist of considerable attainment, whose water-colour work has been seen at the best Exhibitions in London. To scholars Sir Richard is known as a great authority on books and bookbinding, and the world at large recognises in him a man of rare attainments and most varied interests. Doubtless his season of leisure will not be an idle one. Mr. Fortescue is to be Sir Richard's successor.

By the death of Major Reynold Alleyne Clement, Royal Ascot loses its popular Clerk of the Course and a prominent figure disappears from the world of sport. Major Clement, who had passed his seventieth year, was educated at Rugby and Trinity College, Cambridge, leaving the University to enter the 13th Light Dragoons. He saw service in the New Zealand campaign 1864-66, and received the medal and clasp. In 1881 Major Clement was appointed secretary to the Ascot trustees, and in 1884 was made Clerk of the Course. To his

at Montrose and Edinburgh University. He was associated with several journals of repute, including *Good Words* and the *Sunday Magazine*, and was sub-editor of the *Contemporary Review* when Dean Alford edited it. But it is as a student of De Quincey that Dr. Japp will be best remembered even though we would not readily forget his understanding volume of Thoreau, and some interesting contributions to the literature of natural history.

The service of this Empire is a hard one, and many of our most promising administrators seem doomed to fall by the way. Few will be more deeply missed than Sir Donald Stewart, who died at the beginning of the week at Nairobi. Sir Donald was son of the famous Field-Marshal of that name, and was a comparatively young man, having been born in 1860. He joined the Gordon Highlanders before he was twenty years of age, just in time for the Afghan War of 1879, in which he was severely wounded. Two years later he saw fighting in the Transvaal, and left South Africa to become Aide-de-Camp to the Commander-in-Chief in India. But his instinct for active service was not to be denied, and he went through the Sudan Campaign of 1884-85, and ten years later went as Political Officer to Ashanti with the Expeditionary Force. Subsequently he was made British Resident at Kumassi. In 1902 he was created a K.C.M.G., and was appointed only last year to the post of Commissioner and Commander-in-Chief of the East Africa Protectorate. A man of parts, equally at home in the Council Chamber and on the field of battle, Sir Donald Stewart was very happily chosen for East Africa, where his place will be hard to fill.

The Reverend Mortimer Kennedy, now resident in Copenhagen, who has just been appointed Chaplain-in-



Photo. by "La Vie Illustrée."

THE FRANCO-GERMAN AGREEMENT FOR A CONFERENCE ON MOROCCO: PRINCE ZU RADOLIN, GERMAN AMBASSADOR TO FRANCE, SIGNING THE NOTE BEFORE M. ROUVIER, THE FRENCH PRIME MINISTER.

M. Rouvier and Prince zu Radolin signed the programme for the Franco-German Conference on the Morocco Question.

Ordinary to the King, was educated at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1872. He was ordained by the Bishop of Exeter, and held curacies in Devonshire between 1878-86, when he went to Hyères

Hall and elected Mr. Alderman Walter Vaughan Morgan to the Mayoralty for the ensuing year. The Lord Mayor-elect is a Welshman, the sixth of the nine sons of the late Mr. Thomas Morgan of Glasbury. Born in 1831 and educated at the Bluecoat School, then, of course, in Newgate Street, Mr. Vaughan Morgan started his business life at the early age of fifteen, when he entered the service of the National Provincial Bank. In

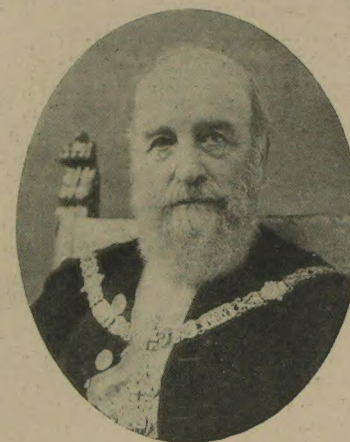


Photo. Ellis and Walery.

MR. ALDERMAN WALTER VAUGHAN
MORGAN,
LORD MAYOR-ELECT OF LONDON.

Reform, and he belongs to the Cutlers' and the Loriners' Companies. He is a bachelor, and the position of Lady Mayoress will be filled by his niece, Mrs. Hornby Steer, wife of the Vicar of St. Philip's, Kennington Road.

FRANCO-GERMAN
PROGRAMME
FOR MOROCCO.

Parturiunt montes et nascitur ridiculus mus. The draft programme communicated by France to the Powers concerned in the Convention of Madrid is no very startling document. Dr. Rosen and M. Révoil have not done much to pave the way to an agreement when the Conference meets. It is agreed that the police arrangements outside the frontier regions shall be a matter for international control, while France has a free hand along the Algerian frontier line, and that the smuggling of arms shall be dealt with effectively. There is to be a State Bank assisted by Europe, and the credits opened for the Maghzen are to be employed for the equipment and payment of a police force, and for public works of urgent necessity. Inquiry is to be made into the existing taxation and the creation of new revenues. Public works are to be tendered for, and the Maghzen is to be restrained from pledging public services for the benefit of private interests. The student of Moroccan affairs reading this brief and colourless document must needs ask himself at once whether there are not other clauses, written or verbal, that remain unpublished in the arrangements just concluded. Germany did not travel within twenty-four hours' journey of a war with France for the sake of any arrangement set out in the clauses now given to the world at large. Even the Sultan of Morocco cannot grumble at the present document, though it is clear that he will have ample matter for discontent if the Powers come to an agreement at Algéiras.

THE HAGUE
CONFERENCE.

The President of the United States and the Autocrat of All the Russias being anxious to call a further Conference at the Hague, President Roosevelt has made way for the Tsar. Invitations have been issued and accepted by many of the Powers. Certain reservations have been made by Germany, who is said to have required assurances that no proposals to limit armaments by land or sea shall be put forward. As far as can be seen at the moment the second Conference at the House in the Wood will meet with no heroic intentions. Its chief object will be to inquire into the rights of neutral ships and all questions relating to contraband of war that have been raised of late in Asiatic waters. During the recent



Photo. Elliott and Fry.

THE LATE MAJOR R. A. CLEMENT,
CLERK OF THE COURSE AT ASCOT.

Photo. Elliott and Fry.

THE LATE SIR DONALD STEWART,
COLONIAL ADMINISTRATOR.

Photo. Schou.

THE REV. MORTIMER KENNEDY,
NEW CHAPLAIN-IN-ORDINARY TO THE KING.

Photo. Russell.

THE LATE DR. ALEXANDER HAY JAPP,
STUDENT OF DE QUINCEY.

initiative and painstaking industry Ascot owes many of the improvements that have been made in recent years. Major Clement was prominently connected with the 2nd Battalion, Bucks R.V.B., and for nearly thirty years was a member of his Majesty's Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms. In his day he was captain of the Rugby cricket eleven and played for Cambridge University.

Dr. Alexander Hay Japp, who died last week at Coulsdon in Surrey, was a Forfarshire man, educated

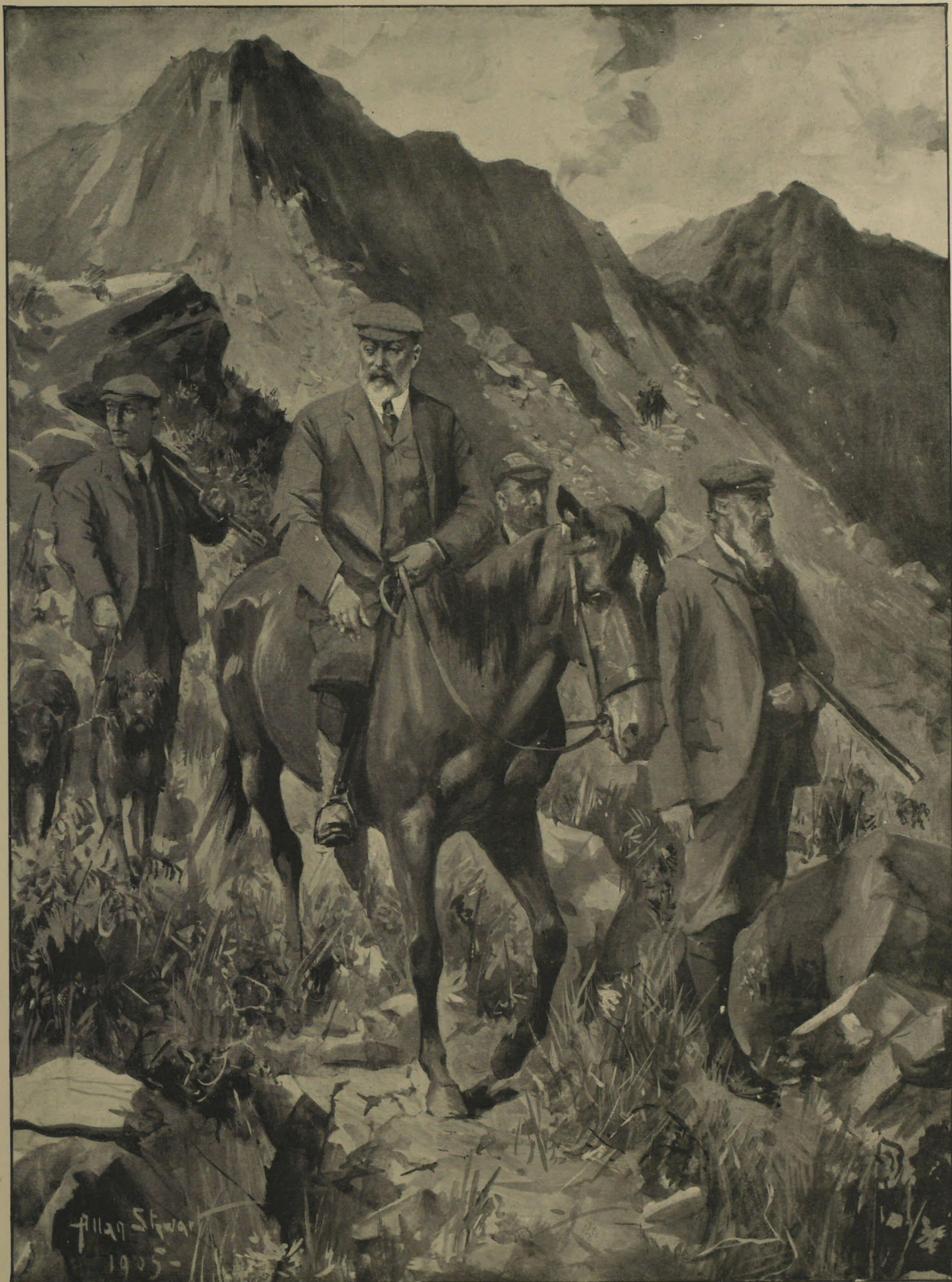
as Assistant-Chaplain. Since that time he has held the position of Chaplain at the Baths of Lucca in Italy, at Malaga in Spain, at Costabélle on the Riviera, and at Karlsruhe in Baden. He has been successively Chaplain to his Majesty's Legation in Denmark and St. Albans Church in Copenhagen, and to the Bishop for Northern and Central Europe, and last year he received the Royal Victorian Order.

On Friday last, Sept. 29, the Liverymen of the Guilds of the City of London assembled in Common

war between Russia and Japan serious trouble was threatened more than once by the seizure of the ships of neutral Powers, and if decisions satisfactory to the world's great sea-Powers can be reached, the Conference will not have wasted its labours. Its decisions will be followed closely and jealously by this country, for there will be no very perceptible inclination on the part of the European Powers to frame agreements on lines favourable to Great Britain. It is to be feared that the members of the Conference will find

ROYAL SPORT IN THE HIGHLANDS: THE KING IN SCOTLAND.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN SCOTLAND.



HIS MAJESTY RETURNING FROM A DEER DRIVE.

little or nothing upon their agenda paper that is calculated to promote the cause of universal peace.

THE LATE SIR WILLIAM WHARTON.

The visit of the British Association to South Africa ended unfortunately. Rear Admiral Sir William Wharton, K.C.B., one of the Association's distinguished members, was taken ill and was forced to remain behind. Some of the medical men attached to the party were in constant attendance, but the illness terminated fatally at the end of last week. Sir William Wharton was born some sixty-two years ago, and was a Sub-Lieutenant in the Navy before he was out of his teens. He reached the rank of Commander in 1872, and became very favourably known in connection with his surveying work. In the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus, off the coast of Sicily, the East Coast of Africa, and elsewhere, Sir William did work that added largely to our knowledge, and gave satisfactory explanations to much that had hitherto baffled surveyors. In 1880 he was promoted to be Captain, and four years later he was appointed Hydrographer of the Admiralty, a position from which he retired only last year. A member of many learned societies and the author of several interesting works, Sir William Wharton, who was placed on the Retired List in 1891, received promotion to the rank of Rear-Admiral in 1895, and his K.C.B. on the occasion of the late Queen's Diamond Jubilee.

THE SUEZ CANAL. On Sept. 28 the submerged wreck of the dynamite-ship *Chatham*, which obstructed the fairway in the Suez Canal, was blown up. The majority of Port Said's inhabitants sought the seashore,



Bishop of Salisbury. Bishop of London.

THE CHURCH CONGRESS AT WEYMOUTH: THE BISHOP OF LONDON AND THE BISHOP OF SALISBURY, PRESIDENT OF THE CONGRESS.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.

THE VISIT OF A BRITISH SQUADRON TO TOKIO.

Japan is very pleasantly excited by the forthcoming visit of Sir Gerard Noel and the officers under his command to Tokio. The Municipal Council has appointed a committee to make preparations for a fitting reception for the Admiral and the Captains of his squadron, and the newspapers are urging a very willing public to do all that may be done to make the visit memorable and strengthen still further the mutual bonds of amity now existing between Japan and Great Britain. The British China Squadron is expected to arrive at Yokohama on Oct. 9, when Sir Gerard Noel and his Captains will proceed at once to Tokio. On the following day they will be received and entertained to lunch by the Mikado. It is believed that the British ships will remain in Japanese waters for about a fortnight.

THE CHURCH CONGRESS.

Weymouth saw the opening of the Church Congress on Monday last, and the week has been full of work of great and varied interest to Churchmen. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, the Church Missionary Society, Church Army, Dr. Barnardo's Homes, and many other religious and philanthropic associations have taken advantage of the occasion to hold meetings in Weymouth. The Bishop of Salisbury opened the Church Congress on Monday, and Dr. Ingram, Bishop of London, was present and delivered a spirited address on Life. On Tuesday he preached in St. Mary's Church. While Dr. Ingram addressed some two thousand people in the Jubilee Hall on Monday night, the Earl of Shaftesbury presided over a meeting of the English Church Union at Westham, and condemned the practice of divorce. Many meetings whose objects lie outside the scope of the Conference have been held, and the Ecclesiastical



BLACKBURN'S STATUE OF QUEEN VICTORIA: THE UNVEILING CEREMONY.

Princess Louise visited Blackburn on Saturday of last week, and, in the presence of many thousands of people, unveiled the marble statue of Queen Victoria, which has been erected at a cost of £3,000. On the same day her Royal Highness opened two cottage homes belonging to the East Lancashire Regiment at Burnley.

and all shops and offices in the town were closed. Newspaper correspondents were conveyed by special train to a point six miles from the scene of the explosion, and the ship was fired by electricity. With the explosion a huge column of water, sand, and wreckage was thrown some two thousand feet into the air, and as it came to earth the canal banks were covered with debris for a distance of three hundred yards. The east bank was damaged for a distance of about two hundred yards, and, though repairs were put in hand at once, it was soon evident that a considerable delay to traffic was inevitable. At the beginning of the week the homeward bound Brindisi mails were sent through the Canal by tug, and many vessels were waiting at Suez for the Canal to be reopened.

LAKE NEMI'S BURIED GALLEYS. Even in these prosaic days the Lake of Nemi, lying among the Alban Hills, some twenty miles south of Rome, is a place of pilgrimage which few imaginative travellers fail to visit. Here in times past stood the famous Temple to Diana, referred to by Professor Frazer in his "Golden Bough." Julius Caesar erected or occupied a beautiful villa on Nemi's banks, and Augustus, Tiberius, and Caligula lived there in their turn, in days when Rome held sway over the greater part of the known world. History preserves faintly some record of the wonderful entertainments that were given in the royal villa, and some few years ago the wrecks of two Imperial galleys were located in the bed of the lake. One belonged to Tiberius and the other to Caligula. Their existence there had been known for centuries, and many devoted but unskilled efforts had been made to raise them. Now the time has come when we may hope to see the wrecks raised successfully, and their beautiful decorations added to the art treasures of Italy. Lake Nemi belongs to the famous House of Orsini, whose head has given permission for all necessary steps to be taken.



THE CHURCH CONGRESS AT WEYMOUTH: SIDNEY HALL, SCENE OF THE CONFERENCE.

The Church Congress at Weymouth was formally opened on Tuesday last with a mayoral welcome at the Guildhall and sermons by three Bishops. It may almost be said to have begun, however, on the previous day, when the Bishop of London presided at a women's meeting assembled in Sidney Hall to discuss "Proportion in Life."

Art Exhibition has been largely attended. The Congress has been a financial success, the sale of tickets having been quite satisfactory.

A WARNING AGAINST INEFFICIENCY. Addressing the students of the medical school associated with Charing Cross Hospital at the beginning of the week, Sir James Crichton-Browne sounded a note of warning against inefficiency. He pointed out that we have on our hands at present "hordes of undergrown, underfed, blemished, debilitated men, women, and children, who are industrially and socially inefficient." Continuing, Sir James declared that many of our public institutions are as incompetent as the valves of a damaged heart, and he concluded a striking address by formulating a set of principles for the guidance of his audience. Winter, he declared, is the appropriate season for intellectual work, and summer for muscular exertion. Sufficient time should be taken for meals, and while a minimum of eight hours' sleep is needed for an adult, the medical student requires one hour more. Alcohol should be avoided.

STROMBOLI AND CALABRIA.

There is a theory in Italy that Stromboli, the celebrated volcano of the Lipari group, must be held accountable for the Calabrian earthquake. According to an ancient legend, the crater of Stromboli was the entrance to hell, and it is generally admitted that the Lipari Islands are the connecting-link between Etna and Vesuvius. In olden time they were known as the Isles of Æolus. The seven islands of which Stromboli is one lie to the north-east of Sicily, and have a history that can be traced for the past two thousand five hundred years. They are inhabited, despite their unsettled condition, and are noted for their figs. Few tourists visit them. It is likely that the recent disasters will lead to a more intelligent investigation of the Lipari Islands.



"A VIRTUAL PRINCESS" ON HER TRAVELS: THE RECEPTION OF MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT AT MANILA.

STEREOGRAPH COPYRIGHT BY UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD, LONDON AND NEW YORK. Miss Roosevelt is under the canopy, in conversation with the Rev. Gregorio Aglipay, Archbishop of the Independent Catholic Church (the priest farthest from the camera). General Corbin is just beyond. Miss Wright, daughter of the Governor-General, is at Miss Roosevelt's right, her face showing in profile.



THE NEW WATER-SUPPLY FOR THE CAPITAL OF SCOTLAND: THE INAUGURAL CEREMONY.

PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY THE EDINBURGH AND DISTRICT WATER TRUST.

The new supply of water for Edinburgh, which has been brought from the Talla, a head-water of the Tweed, was turned on with appropriate ceremony on Thursday of last week. Some nine million gallons will be drawn from the Talla daily, and this considerable addition to the supply is likely to place the Water Trust in a position to cope with the growth of the City of Edinburgh and the Borough of Leith for many years to come. The works, which have been under construction for the past ten years, were inaugurated by Lady Cranston, the wife of the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, who turned on the water to the city; and by Mrs. Mackie, wife of the Provost of Leith, who turned on the water which is given off as compensation to the stream. In 1681 water was brought into Edinburgh by a three-inch pipe. In 1755 a further supply was brought in wooden pipes, and in 1790 iron pipes were laid down. One of the wooden pipes was exhibited on the occasion of the inauguration of the new supply, and may be seen in our photograph.



A GIGANTIC REPAST: A PYTHON AND HIS MEAL.

PHOTOGRAPH BY E. PETERS, SUPPLIED BY UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD, LONDON AND NEW YORK.

THE OPENING OF THE ITALIAN OPERA SEASON · THE CONDUCTOR AND SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL SINGERS AT COVENT GARDEN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ORLANDINI AND FIGLI, WITCOMB, GARATTI, VARISCHI ARTICO AND CO., DUPONT, BASSANO, AND MONTABONE.



1. SIGNORA BUONINSEGNA (SOPRANO). 2. SIGNORINA RINA GIACHETTI (SOPRANO). 3. MAESTRO MUGNONE (CONDUCTOR). 4. SIGNOR GIULIANO BIEL (TENOR).
5. SIGNOR EMILIO DE MARCHI (TENOR). 6. MADAME ELEONORA DE CISNEROS (MEZZO-SOPRANO). 7. SIGNORA GLASENTI (SOPRANO).

The autumn opera season at Covent Garden began on Thursday last, and it was arranged that the first performance should be a representation of Puccini's "La Bohème," with a cast including Madame Melba and Signori Giorgini and Sammarco. "Un Ballo in Maschera" was announced for yesterday, and "Rigoletto" for to-day.

MINE HOST OF RABENECKE.

By MAYNE LINDSAY.



Illustrated by R. CATON WOODVILLE.

THE door of the Rabenecke inn flew open, and out of it lumbered landlord Ringler, burly, ponderous peasant, and stood fuming on a flagstone. A thick-set, bearded young man in decent tweeds pushed out after him, and behind them, as the door swung on its hinges, a faint sound of weeping followed the fumes of wine and cheap tobacco. The Gasthaus zum Hasen faced the village at the side of the Castle hill, and heads popped out of windows at once to know why Ringler was making so much disturbance instead of dozing peaceably, according to custom, until the sun went down and the gossips came out, and curious bodies had leisure to listen. The inn-keeper glared round at them scowling, and they popped in again, and the proprietor of the Castle Hotel, brother-host and, at this moment, confidante, drew the angry man into the flickering shade of a lime-tree.

"As I say it, so it shall be, Herr Meyer, if I have to break every bone in the child's body. Look now, it was never meant that a man should be the father of a girl and have no say in her love affairs, was it? This Trude of mine—! She was in the cradle yesterday, and to-day she has her eyes upon all the young men. It goes too fast for me; I say it must be whipped out of her."

His companion glanced over his shoulder. The door was closed again; but imagination could see, through it, a pretty girl sitting crying on a bench, with a cautious blue eye observing the effect of her tears. Trude had never been whipped; and never, if native cunning and an adorable dimple were worth anything, would be. It made the problem, that perhaps a little light switch would have solved at once, a matter not easy to tackle.

"I don't think you'll do that, Ringler. You see, she is seventeen and she's too pret—I mean, a man of your disposition can't raise his hand to a woman."

The father scratched his head.

"But, mind you, there it is in black and white!" he said dejectedly. "A strange fellow drinks a glass of wine or two at my inn and makes sheep's eyes at my daughter, and the next thing is talk of assignations. How do I know he means honestly by her? I'll wager he don't; he was too fat, and he writes too fine a hand. 'Eleven o'clock in the church-porch,' says he. There's the letter, just as I opened it. Read it for yourself, Herr Meyer, since you seem to have a wiseacre's head on your green shoulders."

He thrust a note into the young man's hand, and watched him read it, with an anxious gaze that observed the tightening of a good-humoured mouth, the frown, the soberness with which its contents were digested.

"Well?" he said.

The host of Rabenecke did not answer for a minute. He was conning the letter very attentively. When he raised his head from it he was grave, and he had lost his air of light commiseration.

"The man who wrote this is sufficiently well-educated to know better," said he. "Trude had better stick to her village flirtations. Nevertheless, I

perceive a way of solving the affair, if you will trust it to me."

Ringler drew back a little.

"You?" he queried.

"Yes, I. I have, as you say, an old head. I observe your Trude is, above all things, hotheaded and impatient. Let her keep her tryst. Her admirer, who, I fear with you, means no good, will not be there; and an hour or two of midnight cooling will probably be quite enough to quench her enthusiasm for him. Besides, she won't see him again."

"How do you know that?"

"Will you trust me to arrange it?"

Ringler ruffled up his yellow beard with a knotted

them down to the Gasthaus to taste the Rabenecke wine, as it should be tasted, across the good pine table; and he took his supplies, so far as could be, from the Rabenecke farmers, and drove a thrifty bargain with them, and paid cash, and saw that he got honest measure with his own eyes. He could be respected by a man whose forefathers had kept inns for three hundred years, and fought a sturdy battle with backwashes of war and tyranny for twice that time. Ringler looked into his face and saw, behind the novice making his way, with falls enough, in a new line of country, the man who understood—God knew where he had bought the knowledge—how to handle men and set them seeing eye to eye with him.

"Ay, I trust you, Herr landlord," he said slowly. "I suppose you mean to waylay the rogue and cudgel him for me. You have my good wishes; but just this remains to tell you, and that is that, we have the most absurd laws against striping a man's body for the good of his soul. A friendly word, eh? You take my meaning?"

"Perfectly. May I keep the letter? Thanks." He slipped it into his pocket. "I advise that you let Trude keep her vigil even if, as appears to be likely, she is looking forward to slipping out of her bed-room window by way of the water-butt to get to it. You can keep an eye on her from an ambush, if you wish to make sure of her. Not that I have any fears that I can't settle with this—gentleman; but you have the heart of a father, haven't you? . . . How peevish poor Trude will be to-morrow morning! Don't worry, friend; you will laugh over this next year, when you are marrying her to one of your fine young farmers, and she will be the first to laugh with you."

He clapped the perturbed Ringler on the shoulder and went away, leaving him to his meditations. The pine forest pushed the village against the hill; he turned his back on the red roofs, the neat white walls, and quaint, carved gables, and the cool, indigo depths behind them, and came within a few minutes' walk to the drawbridge of the Castle. It spanned a moat lined with brambles and colouring blackberries to the lip of the water, and at the moment it was the object of violent admiration from a consignment of tourists.

They had just arrived from the railway, twenty miles

away, in a four-horse brake. They were polyglot; but the predominant note was ecstatic American.

"Say, if that drawbridge isn't too cunning! It is a live castle; those walls weren't run up yesterday. . . . Yes, they're genuine arrow-slits. . . . Wasn't the forest a dream? I'm tired some; but I guess I can set right down here to live on pumpernickel and sauerkraut for a spell, and wash in a saucer. Local colour drives me real crazy."

Meyer stepped forward politely, hat in hand, and helped the ladies to descend. The coachman, a handsome young man whose driving through the forest aisles had been masterly, was already unharnessing his horses. He peered round a smoking flank at his employer.



"Now, Sir, be careful of your fingers, please."

hand, and stared at this confident person. He could not, for the life of him, make out why Herr Hugo Meyer, the proprietor of the Castle Hotel, the intruder into Rabenecke peace, the stranger who ought, by all the rules of commercial rivalry, to have been his open enemy, should, in two short months, have become not only an acquaintance, but a friendly one. There was something extraordinarily taking about the young man, who was so modest in confessing him elf new to the business, and yet worked so gamely at it, early and late; and who was not too fine to come out of magnificence up yonder and invite the village to participate in his harvest, whenever co-operation was practicable. He did not keep his grand patrons to himself; he sent

"Simply perfect," an English spinster said, laying a firm, flat foot to the ground. Meyer bowed again. "*Sehr hübsch*," she said graciously. "It does you great credit, proprietor. You are the proprietor, I suppose? Who looks after the luggage? Mine is a dressing-bag, a dress-basket, and an india-rubber bath."

"They shall be put in your room at once, Madam," Meyer said, in respectful English. "Allow me." He relieved her of her rug and a bag of ginger biscuits. "You will find a cup of tea waiting for you; and the chambermaid has instructions to prepare a bath the moment you require it."

"Tea! And a bath! Here?" She gazed up at the grey pile, and round at the drowsy village. She clutched a travelling companion by the arm. "The man said he has ordered tea and a tub for me. Good gracious! doesn't it sound as if one were at home in England?"

Meyer conducted the party under the portcullis to the courtyard, and handed it over to his neat German maids. He had kept the lower parts of the Castle untouched—the great hall, hung with lances and hauberks and wide-spreading antlers, the wine-vault, the echoing stone passages. It was only when the guests had climbed higher that they found the hotel superimposed upon the fortress, airy, luxurious quarters evolved out of turret-rooms and state apartments, a ladies' drawing-room in the bygone Countess's bower, and an open-air restaurant upon battlements, over which they could look at stone-crop and valerian growing upon walls that dived, on the hinder side of the Castle, sheer a hundred feet to the forest-trees. There was no entry to Rabenecke outside the drawbridge, except for the birds and squirrels.

When Meyer came back the coachman was leading his horses into the yard, and aside to their stable-door. He grinned cheerfully.

"A capital haul to-day, Sir, don't you think? They were in two minds about coming here or staying in Drittelberg, but a little coaxing garnered them. Your Royal Highness may have noted every seat was full."

"Meyer did, Willy. There is no Royal Highness here, as I have pointed out to you before," said Hugo, smiling. "A good tout was lost when Providence arranged you should be born a Rotheim. I hope they'll enjoy their dinner. Fine fresh trout, and a haunch of forest venison, and a couple of Garnier's sweets ought to suffice, I think. I believe in excellent simplicity at table, and it is our rarest stroke of luck that the chef is another faithful adherent to the fortunes of a banished princeling. Dear Garnier! He shall have an order when I come to my own; he is too true a Frenchman not to adore little bits of coloured ribbon, and upon my word his omelettes alone deserve the Purple Eagle. But that isn't what I came to say to you. I have a piece of serious news."

He took the note out of his pocket, laid it on the flags, and put a match to it.

"My cousin Johann wrote that," he said, watching it curl and flicker. "It does no credit to him or Donnerstein, and here I consign it to oblivion. It announces that he is coming to Rabenecke this evening."

Willy Rotheim was washing his hands in a bucket. He glanced at a stable-boy who was massaging the tired horses, and under cover of stamping hoofs and swishing he said gloomily—

"Found us so soon, have they? I thought it was too good to last."

"Not at all, friend," the Prince said, and a puff of wind danced the paper ashes over the cobbles. "We are still wasting our substance in riotous living somewhere, you and I. Johann certainly has no suspicion of my whereabouts, or he would sooner put his head into a hornets' nest than venture here on his present errand. I always knew he was a humbug, but I never suspected he might be a rogue too. It's a girl, a pretty minx, Willy—a silly moth hovering round the candle-flame. He thinks he is going to meet her at the Rabenecke church to-night at eleven, but something tells me he won't get there."

Rotheim dried his hands on a wisp of straw, and looked for the familiar twinkle, and found it. His own face brightened at once, and broadened, and expanded into delighted curiosity.

"If you'll give me a hint of what you expect from me—" he said.

Prince Hugo nodded.

"Oh, of course! You are the principal instrument of justice; I am merely the invisible wire-puller. It requires that we lay salt on his tail, to begin with; but that is not difficult. He will arrive at the village at seven, and he must pass the gate of Hotel Rabenecke, mustn't he? Very well then, mark my word, he dines here. Johann never yet passed a tavern-door. The rest, I trust, is simple, and not inartistic. And now I must see that my guests are comfortable, and show them the view from the keep, and tell them there will be music after dinner."

He departed; and Willy superintended the horses' toilet, and chewed a straw, a man at cheerful ease with himself and his surroundings. Presently he put on his coat and went upstairs too: the handsome young coachman, fresh and wholesome as the virgin forest that girdled Rabenecke, was the object of a good deal of interest among the ladies, and was respectfully responsive to their patronage. A sportswoman pounced upon him when he appeared; and he spent the next hour congenially, spinning wild-boar yarns, more or less veracious, to a receptive audience.

About seven o'clock a cyclist, stout and rather pasty, with a Panama low over his brow and an olive-green knickerbocker suit, wheeled into the village. The Castle dinner-gong sounded as he approached; he pricked his ears, expanded his nostrils to the savour of roasting venison upon the air, and saw the enticements of the Hotel Rabenecke flaring at him from a poster. He hesitated, he dismounted, he passed over the drawbridge, and gave up his machine to the porter. Five minutes later he emerged upon the battlement, and sat down to a little round table with the air of a man

who has found undreamed oasis in the desert. There were dainty dishes and sparkling wine, and good service; and he had tasted nothing so refined as the broiled trout since Hugo the scapegrace retired from palace life, and took the best chef in Donnerstein with him.

Prince Johann, though he was upon a sentimental journey, enjoyed his dinner hugely. Twilight was falling when he finished it, and a zither was tinkling out of the dusk, and the fragrance of the forest embalmed a summer evening. He sat digestively, spinning the web of a lover's meditation over an excellent cigar.

A dull clang broke the peace at last. The tourists were crowding into a nook at the far end of the rampart, craning their necks to see something beyond his range of vision. By and by they straggled back, uttering pleased ejaculations; and he mustered a languid curiosity, and asked what had been entertaining them.

"They have just pulled up the drawbridge for the night," somebody responded. "Gives quite a feudal flavour, doesn't it? It goes up every evening at nine, and no one can get in or out again till daybreak. It is the only entrance, you know, for everything and everybody."

Johann woke up with a start. What nonsense was this? He did not take it seriously; but for the moment it disturbed his ruminations.

"A matter of form only, of course," he said.

"I think not," the English spinster interposed in her superior way. "Mr. Meyer informs me that it has been the unbroken custom of the Castle for five hundred years, and that, according to the terms of his lease, he is not allowed to depart from it."

"Rubbish!" Johann said; but he rose hastily. "Where is this Meyer? I don't seem to have seen him. Tell somebody to send him at once to me, waiter."

He pushed through the group, scattering the ladies, and hurried to the stairhead.

"Really, the middle-class German is the biggest boor in the world," the Englishwoman commented, her ruffled feathers subsiding slowly.

"What would you? A bourgeois is no more than a clothed savage!" an Austrian Baron said complacently.

But Johann heard nothing; and if he had he would not have grasped it just then; his mind was full of rising apprehensions, and he wanted reassurance badly.

Mr. Meyer was not forthcoming, and he marched downstairs to the office—a vaulted cell inside the gateway, that had once been the guard-chamber and now was prosaically adorned with ledgers and door-keys. Still there was no proprietor to be found, and a polite Frenchman, very suave and full of apologies, failed to account for his non-appearance, or suggest solution of a difficulty that might be preposterous, but was none the less actual.

"Mr. Meyer is perhaps in Rabenecke. How can I know? He is not here to be seen, most unhappily. If he is there, he cannot return until to-morrow. He will be desolated not to wait upon Monsieur, but it is an unavoidable calamity."

"Unavoidable be—!" The fat Prince checked himself, because he began to perceive that objurgations were waste of time. "I don't care whether I see him or not; what I want is to get out of this, and to have that tomfool drawbridge thing lowered at once to let me pass."

"I too am desolated on Monsieur's behalf," the Frenchman said, gesticulating his deep commiseration. "It is impossible; our tenure forbids; we grieve at a compact so tyrannical, but what must be, having been, is. The bridge moves not again until daybreak. If Monsieur will permit me to allot him a bed-room—"

"That is your game, is it?" He stormed at the man. "The police will let you know what they think of it, let me tell you."

"We should not presume to charge Monsieur for misfortune. The hotel is freely at his service until dawn."

Johann rapped out an oath, and swung into the freer air of the courtyard. It was dark now, and fairy-lights had been hung out against the stones. The Castle loomed mysteriously, a spangled grey mystery, instinct with the glamour of far-away centuries. A man's voice was wailing a folk-song to a tinkling accompaniment, and he heard the women laughing and rustling overhead, in some unseen lounging-place. In other case he might have appreciated the charm of his surroundings; but as it was, impatience swept him up and down, blustering helplessly at the caprice of Fortune. Little Trude, the whim of a day, an hour, had become the most tantalising thing on earth, doubly attractive because she was one side of stagnant water and he the other.

He had been pacing the ring of his baffled desire for some minutes when the Frenchman bustled up to him. In the gloom behind him was another man in the Castle livery, and something hopeful in the manner of their approach brought the Prince's perambulations to a stop.

"You are going to raise it after all!" he cried. "I thought you would see the thing is monstrous, and confoundedly illegal into the bargain."

"The bridge moves not," the Frenchman said, as suavely as before. "But the happy thought of my colleague here suggests that Monsieur shall be provided with another means of leaving the Castle, if his business is so urgent that he will willingly undertake a little."

"Of course it is urgent," Prince Johann said. His incognito had thrown him into some mental congestion; he was by nature a pompous person, and he would have given a good deal, at the moment, to have been able to paralyse these obstructive nobodies by disclosing his exalted rank. That, however, was a consummation too alluring and dangerous to dwell upon, and he thrust it from him.

The man in livery moved forward, still in shadow. He had a cap drawn low over his eyes, and a collar riding high, and he showed the peak of a beard and

a nose-tip. Johann, occupied with busy thoughts, gave him no more than a casual glance.

"If you will do me the honour to come this way, Sir," he said in a low voice, and motioned to a doorway in an angle of the courtyard. They moved towards it, passed through it, and Prince Johann found himself groping his way to a pitch-black stair, encouraged by the murmuring condolences of the Frenchman in his rear, and the upward progression of their guide.

They climbed for a minute or two, and then a twist of the stairway flung them suddenly upon an embrasure. Something was piled in a corner, and the Frenchman struck a match and lit a candle end, and showed it to be a coil of rope, whose end was reeved through a staple in the wall.

"My friend suggests that Monsieur shall descend from hence. The path below, as Monsieur will see if he pleases, is outside the Castle, and runs directly to the village. . . . This is the only spot from which such egress would be possible; and it will be a pleasure to us to lower Monsieur, exercising always the greatest caution."

Johann rested his hands on the masonry, and looked over the solid mass of it dubiously. The pine-trees ran up into the sky, a black, impenetrable wall before him; they were so close that a monkey could have bounded across to them. Thirty feet below, between them and the walls of the Schloss, the glimmer of a sandy lane cut through the darkness. He stuck his head far out until he saw a spatter of light on his left. It was the village where Trude was wasting her fascinations on the clouds. He drew in again, and ran his fingers along the rope.

He was in two minds about it; but the scented evening settled the question for him. A man who could venture nothing on such a night for a pair of coquettish eyes would have the blood of a frog in him; and Prince Johann, although he was stout, and dressed in olive-green mufti, and was a model of propriety on the steps of a throne, was not altogether a craven. He tested the staple, squinted again over the edge of the coping, and came to decision with a reluctant sigh.

"Very well. . . . You may let me down, then. You'll swear that rope is trustworthy? You know how to hitch it under my armpits? . . . The Evil One protect me from dinner at Rabenecke again!"

He mounted the parapet, and dangled his legs. It was an ugly drop, and for a flying instant he wished himself at Donnerstein, out of the reach of fool's pranks, concealing his yawns across the Queen's backgammon board.

"Now, Sir. Be careful of your fingers, please. Steady, Garnier; hold on till I tell you. So. . . . He's off!"

Where had Johann heard that voice before? He had no leisure to think of it; he was swaying and bobbing in the darkness, scraping his knuckles abominably against the stone, with hollowness at the pit of his stomach, and solid ground at a giddy distance from his toes.

He was in mid air, with eyes shut, when a farm cart drove quickly round the corner of the Castle and jerked to a standstill below the opening. Hugo, whose cap and livery were tossed upon the ground by this time, gave a relieved chuckle as he leaned out and saw it stop.

"There is the Herr Count at last, Garnier; I thought for the minute he was going to disappoint us. Lower away briskly now; never mind if he squeals. The basket is exactly below; he can't fail to plump on top of it. Quick—let it run! . . . Himmel, but we've landed him!"

Prince Johann's descent ended in a rush. He encountered wickerwork and straw; his heels flew from under him. His breath left his body, and a flat surface, slammed violently on to his head, pinned him inside four walls. He could see nothing, and could do no more than kick furiously, conscious that he had been entrapped by some devilry stalking abroad, for the discomfiture of amorous Princes, inside and out of the Castle of Rabenecke.

Count Willy zu Rotheim scrambled into the back of the cart, and set to padlocking and strapping the basket. When he had completed his task, to the running tune of curses from within, he attached a label, looked up, nodding and smiling, to the aperture whence an empty noose was retreating, and climbed back to the driver's seat. He whipped up his horse and drove on, back turned to the village, into the dense shadows of the forest and the soft peace of a summer night. A muffled groan came from his burden as he clattered away.

Hugo leaned his elbow on the wall, and listened to the click of the hoofs until he could hear it no more. Then he raised himself thoughtfully, and began to help the Frenchman to re-coil the rope.

"So much for the discomfiture of a pious humbug, Garnier," said he. "I need hardly draw your attention to the moral, which is only too painfully obvious. The Count will have a long drive, but by dawn he should be on the outskirts of Donnerstein. His Royal Highness, I am afraid, will be stiff at the end of the journey; but that's a sauce to garnish his punishment, if your professional ear catches my meaning."

Garnier beamed respectful understanding.

"Monsieur intends that Monsieur the Prince shall be returned to his palace?"

"Not exactly. He will arrive to the address of her Majesty's lady-in-waiting, my friend the Baroness. He will be fresh linen, for the Queen's wardrobe, until they pick that padlock. What he will be then it is not for me to say, for I make no pretence of prophecy. But I'll wager you a pickled herring to caviare, Garnier, that he won't be fresh, and that there will be very little starch in him when the moment arrives to present her Majesty with a detailed account of the night's adventure."

He looped the rope over his arm, and descended the staircase singing softly to himself. Trude would catch a cold perhaps, and, if it blurred her pretty features for a week, so much the better. She had the milder affliction; and she owed him more than she knew.

THE END.

SEARCHING "THE MIRROR OF DIANA" FOR THE REMAINS OF IMPERIAL GALLEYS.

DRAWN BY G. AMATO, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN ITALY, FROM THE STUDIES BY PROFESSOR EMILIO GUIRIA.



RELICS OF THE GALLEYS OF TIBERIUS AND CALIGULA RECOVERED FROM THE WATERS OF LAKE NEMI, AND A RECONSTRUCTION OF ONE OF THE GALLEYS.

For some considerable time past engineers have been attempting to raise the Imperial galleys of Tiberius and Caligula, which are beneath the waters of Lake Nemi. Originally, the lake was known as the "Lake of Diana's Wood," and there was once on its banks a temple to the goddess, which gained much renown. The Romans called the lake "The Mirror of Diana." Wealthy Romans made its banks a pleasure-ground, and they were followed by the Emperors, who combined the worship of Diana with banquets, dances, and other amusements given in magnificent galleys on the lake. Remains of these galleys have been found from time to time, and as far back as the fifteenth century Cardinal Prospero Colonna persuaded Leone Battista Alberti, the great architect, to attempt the recovery of the two vessels then believed to be, and now found to be, at the bottom of the lake.

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: SNAP-SHOTS AT HOME AND ABROAD.



Photo, Buva.

THE RACEHORSE SOLD TO THE AUSTRIAN GOVERNMENT:
M. EDMOND BLANC'S GOUVERNANT.

Gouvernant has been sold to the Austrian Government for the sum of five hundred thousand francs (£20,000). He is the son of *Flying Fox*. His winnings in 1903, 1904, and 1905 amount to nearly £30,000.



Photo, Park.

PART OF A DRAINAGE SYSTEM WHICH IS TO COST SEVEN
MILLIONS: AT WORK ON LONDON'S MAIN DRAINS.

The laying of the new main drains for London, now nearing completion, marks one of the L.C.C.'s greatest undertakings. The method of carrying the drains over streams in iron tunnels is here shown.



MIMIC WARFARE IN THE THAMES VALLEY: A LAUNCH PASSING THROUGH
A PONTOON BRIDGE.

In order that river traffic might not be interfered with more than was absolutely necessary, the pontoons were so constructed that part of them could be removed to allow for the passage of launches and other craft.

MIMIC
WARFARE
IN THE
THAMES
VALLEY:
A
SHARP-
SHOOTER
UNDER
COVER.



Photos, Knight.

MIMIC WARFARE IN THE THAMES VALLEY: VOLUNTEER MOTORISTS
CROSSING A PONTOON BRIDGE.

The motor-car seems an invariable accompaniment to military manoeuvres nowadays both in this country and abroad, and motorists played a useful part during the recent mimic warfare in the Thames Valley.



Photo, Gibson.

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT'S VISIT TO THE SCILLY ISLES: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
ON HIS WAY TO THE ISLANDS.

The Duke of Connaught visited the Scilly Islands at the end of September, and amongst other things inspected the new forts.



Photo, Hancox.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST DIAMOND MINE: KIMBERLEY, RECENTLY VISITED
BY THE MEMBERS OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

Diamonds were first discovered at Kimberley, the great diamond-mining centre of South Africa, in 1867, and three years later came the great rush.

THE PROBABLE CAUSE OF THE DISASTROUS EARTHQUAKE IN CALABRIA:
THE VOLCANIC ISLANDS OF LIPARI.



VULCANELLO, FROM THE SEA.



STROMBOLICCHIO, A ROCKY ISLAND ADJOINING STROMBOLI.



STROMBOLI: A VILLAGE SCENE.



THE LIPARI ISLANDS (THE ANCIENT ÆOLIE INSULÆ): A VILLAGE
IN THE ISLAND OF PANARIA.



STROMBOLI: A SMOKING VOLCANO.



A CRATER IN VULCANO.

Calabria has been the victim of the volcanic Lipari Islands, and more particularly of Stromboli, "the Lighthouse of the Mediterranean," since 1783, and it is thought more than probable that the recent disastrous earthquake was caused by Stromboli. The Lipari Islands were known to the ancients as the Isles of Æolus. In 268 B.C. the Roman Consul Cn. Cornelius Scipio was blockaded in the port of Lipari by the Carthaginians and taken with his entire fleet. Nine years later the island was conquered by the Romans, who established a post there. Our photographs are by Lojacono Pujero.

BASKET-BALL: A NEW GAME FOR WOMEN.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.



A GOOD TRY.

Basket-ball was invented by Mr. Hart, of Columbia. The ball used is bigger and lighter than an ordinary football, and the game is played in spells of about three minutes' duration. The players are divided into two teams, each team consisting of from five to eleven players, whose object it is to knock the ball into the basket-net which represents their opponents' goal. In addition to the two net-goals, there is a third net, erected on one side of the playground. A ball in either of the net-goals counts two points to the scoring side; a ball in the neutral net counts one. The three net-bearing poles form a triangle. The umpire is placed on the centre line.

THE "COW-BOY PRESIDENT" AT HIS FAVOURITE SPORT.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOENKOEK FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY PHILIP B. STEWART, BY COURTEOUS PERMISSION OF THE PROPRIETORS OF "SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE."



MR. ROOSEVELT BEAR-HUNTING IN COLORADO: THE PRESIDENT AND HIS KILL.

President Roosevelt, who met with a somewhat serious carriage accident the other day, is never happier than when hunting, and he has just been recounting his experiences during a recent bear-hunt in Colorado in "Scribner's Magazine." The President himself killed the bear here shown. His first shot broke the bear's hips, the second broke his back between the shoulders. The hunting party consisted of Mr. Roosevelt and two companions, with two guides and hunters. The occasion was the first on which the President had hunted bear with hounds. The pack consisted of twenty-six hounds and four half-blood terriers to help to worry the bear when at bay. The President's return to his summer home at Oyster Bay was made the occasion of a great demonstration.

FROM THE PUBLISHERS' LISTS.

REVIEWERS' VIEWS.

MR. ROBERT CHAMBERS has followed up "Cardigan" and "The Maid at Arms" by another Revolution book, intended to be the fourth of the series, but actually the third in chronological order of production. It deals with the last fierce fighting in northern New York, the merciless warfare between Revolutionaries and Tories that surged up and down among the peaceful farms and villages, and left behind it a bitterness that lingers in the Yankee farmer's heart to-day, and that still stirs the descendants of those defeated loyalists who fled, ruined and penniless, after the Yorktown capitulation, beyond the Canadian border. Mr. Chambers is lenient to his British officers on the whole, though he naturally ranges the heroes on the Republican side and sets the villains to the discredit of the losing party; and when once an English reader recovers from the soreness engendered by this arbitrary division of the sheep and the goats, he will find the adventures of Mr. Renault, as here set forth, very fascinating reading. He was, of course, noble, ardent, and modest; he was young; he bore the humiliation of spy's work for his country, and he went through fire and water for his bride: are not these things written in "The Reckoning" (Constable), with all the swinging zest of a clever writer? Certainly the tale of how the young man escaped from beleaguered New York, how he came to the council-tree of Thendara as the chief ensign of the Wolf clan of the Oneida nation, and how he saw the ill-famed Walter Butler die the death he merited, should not be missed by anyone who cares to be captivated by a brisk and stirring story.

We may not expect surprises from Mrs. Croker, but we can always be quite sure of genial entertainment of an approved quality. "A Nine Days' Wonder" (Methuen) contains the usual proportion of the author's stock characters, and though they are so familiar by this time that the fresh labels to them seem superfluous, they are such good company that the lack of originality need trouble no one. How many times has Mrs. Croker drawn an elderly girl of Julia Barker's type—handsome, over thirty, mild as a lamb before she snares her well-to-do bachelor, and a shrewish tyrant for ever after? It does not matter; her schemes and extravagances make lively reading, and here the plot does not hinge upon her, but on a pretty little Irish peasant-girl who is (as it turns out) no peasant, but a live Scotch Earl's daughter. Everyone who writes a novel of contemporary life likes, if possible, to have a dig at the "Smart Set," and accordingly we find Mary Foley, otherwise the Lady Joseline, introduced to its wicked ways shortly after her arrival at the ancestral halls. She has a very bad time, the only satisfaction being that her simplicity enables her to rush in, as a critic of morals and manners, where angels might fear to tread; and, by-and-by, when she is able to distinguish between a dinner-knife and a dessert-knife, she meets with the gallant young Irish officer whom she has adored since her childhood. This is good fortune for the soldier, who happens to be a younger son; it is also a pleasantly conventional end to the Lady Joseline's romantic story.

Meredith Arless, who was a novelist who was waiting to find himself, loved a writing woman five years his senior with a sincere platonic affection. She represented an Emersonian ideal; but Mr. Parry Truscott, rather cruelly in spite of his dexterity, presents her to the material eye in all the disadvantage of her thirty-five years, her literary innocence of domestic economy, the ill-dressed hair that mitigated her mental charms. So, though Arless loved her, it was dispassionately, in a manner the critic may be perhaps allowed to describe as anemic, seeing that his dream of wedded life went no further than placing her aloof, a saint upon a pedestal, as the object of a perpetual worship. The attachment of this lukewarm couple was about to be rewarded by marriage when a human influence intruded itself into their waxwork exhibition, and both the images started to life. Though the literary ability of the opening was a delight, we found it difficult to be more than mildly interested in the intellectual philandering of the two writers, until in the middle chapters of "Stars of Destiny" (Fisher Unwin) the living, palpitating, soulless Milly Jeune appeared to warm the blood. Arless was magnetised by her red lips and her sly glances, and was only saved from proposing to her by discovering that she would be exactly like her mother presently, and that the prospect was enough to daunt any wooer. Nevertheless, she had awakened the man in him and the woman in Mrs. Orpen—played the part, in fact, of a kind of topsy-turvy Pippa in her brief passage through their history. These three characters, as well as the subsidiary ones, are analysed with a high degree of skill, and the book's atmosphere is extremely well done; but the kindling of Arless's passion for Constance Orpen was surely too artificially engendered to make for permanence. However, we suppose the two idealists, when they saw the transitory blaze die into ashes, were quite content to be left to their mutual appreciation of those spiritual things that are "the indestructible joys for ever."

There is an air that is fresh and captivating about "The Improbable Idyl," by Dorothea Gerard (Methuen), the charm of untrodden places and unfamiliar types, and we think most people will agree that, even

independently of these things, it is a capital story. Madame Longard de Longgarde is only one of a crowd when she writes about life in England; but directly she gets away to Austrian territory, as she does early in this new novel, an atmosphere that she has made her own envelopes her people, and their everyday actions take on a piquancy. Here we have an English family that decides to emigrate, not to the British Colonies but to Galicia, led by a charming headstrong daughter, who manages two invertebrate parents with the greatest facility. Unfortunately, pretty Meta, more than a match for fathers and mothers and half-fledged brothers, was clay in the hands of Simche Seidenstein, the cringing little Jew *Paktor* who proceeded to empty the family purse with dispatch; and things would have gone very badly for the poor Hamptons if a young English engineer, seeking a petroleum fortune in the forests, had not come to their assistance. The young man rescued the family from the scheming Simche, and he married Meta; and the Polish nobleman, for whom one has sympathy, was left disconsolate; but "things like these must always be" so long as the public preserves its respect for the accepted traditions of British fiction.

In sounding the well-deserved praises of "The Arab, the Horse of the Future" (Gay and Bird), Sir James Boucaut has undertaken a congenial task. Having spent his life in Australia, where the conditions of travel, for the most part, are comparable with those prevailing in England a century ago, he has been deeply impressed by the change for the worse in the stamp of horse bred in the colony. The system of short races under light weights has had the inevitable result of producing "weeds" which can gallop fast for half a mile, but are utterly useless for any other purpose. Pursuance of this policy for a generation or more has been productive of the worst possible results on the horses of the colony, and Sir James tells us that the old "stock horse" he rode in the 'forties and 'fifties, which could perform a journey of sixty or seventy miles a day, day after day, has disappeared. To recover this invaluable type of working horse he urges that recourse should be had to the Arab, with whose qualities of stamina, staying power, and docility he, as a breeder for many years, is familiar. He strengthens his case by quotations from writers on turf affairs both in England and Australia, which show in the strongest light the defects and shortcomings of the modern thoroughbred. Sir Walter Gilbey, one of our soundest and most impartial authorities on equine matters, contributes an informing and very suggestive preface to this vigorously written book.

"Siberia," as shown us in Mr. Turner's "Record of Travel, Climbing, and Exploration in that Country" (Fisher Unwin), is not the Siberia made familiar by many previous writers. The author is one of the directors of an English firm of dairy-produce importers: his trip was made in the interests of business, and the earlier half of his book may be summed up in the word "butter," for his mental horizon is bounded on all sides by that useful commodity, and the reader who is not an enthusiast about butter is likely to find the subject cloying. The dairy production is not the only kind of butter that pervades the first part of the book. Mr. Turner, desiring for business reasons to conciliate the authorities, butters the Russian Government; and the Russian Consul for Scotland, in an introduction which should gratify the humane and credulous, butters Mr. Turner. He who perseveres with—or skips—the oleaginous chapters, however, will find much to reward him in the latter portion. Freed from the toils of butter, Mr. Turner appears in a far more entertaining character as a bold and resolute mountaineer. He is, of course, mistaken in his supposition that the Altai mountains have never been visited by Englishmen; but with the author will probably long remain the honour of having attacked the lofty peaks of the Altai range in winter. In the later chapters, too, we obtain some exceedingly interesting glimpses of the daily life, customs, and character of the Kalmucks, with vivid pictures of winter travel in Siberia. Had the author kept the business record of his journey for a trade journal, we could have congratulated him on a very entertaining and instructive, if indifferently written book. The illustrations from photographs are of varying merit.

Colonel Harding's "In Remotest Barotseland" (Hurst and Blackett) may, as he remarks, be lacking in literary finish—indeed, we do not overstate the case when we say it is one of the worst-written books that has ever come under our notice—but it has qualities which would atone for graver faults than defective grammar, for it is vivacious, graphic, and interesting, and penetrated with subdued, kindly humour. It was the author's duty to explore and report upon King Lewanika's country, and as ill fortune would have it, he had to begin the work during the rainy season; hence we obtain a most vivid picture of the discomforts of African travel in wet weather, whether by boat, on foot, or on horseback. Neither illness nor semi-starvation damps Colonel Harding's invincible good spirits, and hardship only whets the appetite with which he enjoys the comparative luxury of temporary residence in fort or mission station. His observations on the various chiefs with whom he came in contact are shrewd and discriminating, and he possesses in marked degree the gift of winning the respect and confidence

of suspicious savages. It is hardly singular that the natives of these regions should be suspicious of strangers, for the author in his journeyings discovered frequent and gruesome traces of the passage of slave-raiders, who, until the period of the Transvaal War at all events, still carried on their iniquitous work in the country. By no means the least entertaining chapter in a most readable and informing book is that which describes King Lewanika's visit to England for the Coronation. Colonel Harding's account of Lewanika fully bears out that given of him by Major St. Hill Gibbons, who did so much valuable geographical work in the same part of Africa. The illustrations reproduced from photographs are not always satisfactory.

"Crystal Gazing" (with an Introduction by Andrew Lang, M.A., LL.D.), by Northcote W. Thomas, and "Thought Transference," by the same author (published by Alexander Moring), deal with subjects that are certain to excite attention for years to come. There will always exist a fascination for certain types of minds in the pursuit of a possible explanation of so-called mysteries of mind and matter. The one great difficulty attending all research into "supernormal" matters is notably that of acquiring exact evidence of reported events. A vast deal of testimony regarding both apparitions and telepathy, for instance, simmers out under rigid investigation. People forget that allegations regarding supernormal events require to be tested as rigidly as is the testimony given in courts of law. Cross-examination is not a process to which, as a rule, the believers in thought-transference and telepathy submit very quietly. The volumes before us are interesting, and Mr. Andrew Lang's preface will be read with profit, though in his case there is a suspicious readiness to assume that science has no adequate explanation to offer. Indeed, science is very often twitted in such matters for its inability to explain anything at all where the "subliminal consciousness" is concerned. Mr. Thomas's books will provide material for readers wishful to obtain details such as are offered in support of the realities of crystal-gazing and telepathy. They will judge for themselves how much of the evidence is trustworthy enough to justify even an incidental belief that such phases of mind and mental action are possible. That which seems to us to be required for the due examination of all such topics as Mr. Lang indicates is, first, the close investigation of details at the hands of experts in neurology, and, second, the drawing from such evidence of adequate and reasonable conclusions. Only in such a fashion can a *prima facie* case be established for the reality of the alleged powers. To Mr. Thomas's contributions may be accorded the merit of at least paving the way for further consideration of the subjects whereof he treats.

Dr. Inazo Nitobé's treatise on "Bushido" (Putnam) would be more informing if it were less eloquent, less abounding in the author's familiar acquaintance with literature ancient and modern. When he is unable to tell us anything without illustrating it with quotations that range from Aristotle to Rudyard Kipling, the effect is apt to be confusing. Dr. Nitobé is far more illuminating when he sticks to the characteristics of his own people, and draws his illustrations from their history and legend. He gives an admirable sketch of the origin of Bushido, the standard of loyalty to the Sovereign, and of personal honour, in the martial qualities of the Samurai, the warrior clan, who cultivated a polished impassiveness, and embellished it with a touch of poetry. A great feudatory was defeated in battle and pursued by the victor, who, coming within bow-shot of the fugitive, loudly chanted a neat and appropriate couplet. The fugitive, quite undismayed by imminent death, capped this with another couplet; whereupon the pursuer unstrung his bow, and withdrew, explaining to his followers that a vanquished warrior, still so masterful that he could answer a challenge in verse, deserved to live to fight another day. This is more to the point than anything in Aristotle or even in Mr. Kipling. It helps us to understand that patient courtesy which the Japanese exhibit in the most trying ordeal. We get the national spirit, too, in the mother's reproach to the boy who cries for some small ache:—"What a coward to cry for a trifling pain! What will you do when your arm is cut off in battle? What when you are called upon to commit *hara-kari*?" The happy dispatch, we gather, is not so common as it was in mediæval times; but Dr. Nitobé sets forth the reasons, some of them quaintly anatomical, which made the act of disembowelling highly dignified and meritorious. As much has been said against Japanese veracity in business, Dr. Nitobé explains that in the feudal days trade was regarded as the lowest occupation of all—lower than the tilling of the soil or the work of the mechanic. When feudalism was abolished, and the dispossessed Samurai were forced to seek a livelihood in commerce, most of them were "wrecked in the attempt to apply Bushido ethics to business methods." It would seem that the fine flower of Bushido flourishes with difficulty in the industrial atmosphere; but in commerce and finance the Japanese are achieving a success which points to methods at least as good as the European. Dr. Nitobé writes with the utmost respect of the Christian religion; but he attributes the comparatively slight progress of Christianity in Japan to the disregard of the missionaries for the history and traditions of the people.

A BABY PARADE IN NEW JERSEY: AMERICA'S SONS AND DAUGHTERS AT A FLORAL FÊTE.

FROM STEREOGRAPHS COPYRIGHTED BY UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD, LONDON AND NEW YORK; CENTRE DRAWING BY S. BEGG.



1. THE WINNER OF THE GRAND PRIZE: MISS DORIE LINDSEY AND HER BUTTERFLY OF PINK ROSES.

2. A FLORAL BOAT WITH TWINS AS THE CREW.

3. A GENERAL VIEW OF THE FIFTEENTH ANNUAL BABY PARADE IN ASBURY PARK.

4. THE BLUE-RIBBON WINNER: A SWAN PERAMBULATOR.

5. A PRIZE-WINNER IN POPCORN AND SUGAR: "THE SWEETEST BABY IN THE BUNCH."

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

ABOUT COINCIDENCES.

A daily journal, as I write, is conducting a highly interesting correspondence on the subject of coincidences. The discussion, as is quite usual, veers now and then from the definite line of the subject, and borders, in the case of some of the communications at least, on the topic of telepathy. Many illustrations of curious coincidences are given, but one may well reflect that all such events are curious in their way. Two events, two ideas, two actions happening simultaneously, and though not necessarily related in any way, mimicking exactly one another, present assuredly a topic which is open to discussion in the matter of possible causes, explanations, and origins.

But the real gist of the matter is summed up in the question whether coincidences, and especially those occurring in the histories of related persons, are capable of explanation on the hypothesis of telepathic or similar influence. The other view is that coincidences are matters of pure chance, or rather of circumstances, which simply happen to converge. There is no adequate reason to be found why they should so meet, any more than we assign a reason why they do not meet more frequently, or why in many cases there is no coincidence at all. The issue here is perfectly clear therefore; it is a case on the one side of mystical influence bringing about the coincidence, and on the other a matter of pure, indeterminate chance.

The mere fact of a striking coincidence being recorded is not to be taken as a proof of its supernatural origin. Yet in certain cases this opinion has been freely expressed, the telepathic faculty being brought into the field by way of explanation. Mark Twain, on one occasion, wrote an article in *Harper's Magazine* descriptive of what was certainly a remarkable case of coincidence. He wrote a letter to a person in Nevada, I think, suggesting that he might write a novel with local colouring, and named a title for the book. His letter crossed one from the other man, containing essentially a similar suggestion. This is the pith of the story. Are we to explain it solely on the idea that the thoughts of the one man influenced the other thousands of miles away? Or is it more likely, having regard to the common experience of life, that the points of similarity arose out of a chance thought on either side?

It is evident that, if the telepathic view is to be entertained, we shall require evidence of a much clearer character than is usually afforded us by way of settling details in a manner satisfying to the ordinary intelligence. Telepathy, I take it, implies the passage of "thought waves" from one brain to another brain. The one is the sender, the other the receiver. Whether there is or can be an exchange of rôles, so that return messages can be sent, is a matter I have not heard discussed. Now, if we assume the possibility of the transference of thought-waves, that which would require adequate proof is some correspondence of time in their transmission and reception. If the theorists refuse to consider this question at all, their hypothesis must be regarded in much the same light as if, say, a Marconigram took an indefinite time for its reception when, say, a message is sent from one ship in mid-ocean to another. If the telepathy is not to bear some relation in time as regards its effect in producing the thought-coincidence, I for one would not consider the suggestion as worth further discussion.

Besides, the topic of coincidences stands very much on the same platform as does that of dreams; and I observe in the discussion to which I have referred, dreams, followed by a more or less near approach to fulfilment, have been made the subject of remark. Certain events are not swaddled in the habiliments of superstition. For example, I happen to be thinking of a friend in a distant town. I turn a street corner, and he is before me. Am I to suppose that telepathic waves from him reached me and gave origin to my thought? Or, as often happens, I may think of a person whose present locality I know not, and hours afterwards I meet him. In the latter case do I require to rely upon any mysterious thought-transference which has long preceded the event, while in the former case I must believe in its instantaneous transmission?

What, in other words, is the need to assume anything save pure coincidence in the whole matter? When we reflect on the subject we begin to see that we live in a very complex world—complex, that is, as regards the actions, ways, and thoughts of its denizens. Furthermore, in each human brain, day by day and hour by hour, there are countless brain-messages, thoughts, ideas, speeding here and there from brain-cell to brain-cell. Many of these thoughts have no apparent or obvious manifestation. They resemble the telephone-messages that pass from one department to another in a big warehouse in that they have no external effect or origin, such as the ordinary postal telegraphic communication possesses and exerts. Now, in all this play of thought involving countless numbers of brain-messages daily, or even hourly, is it surprising that pure chance—call it coincidence, if we will—should entail the crossing of a message or thought of one brain with that of another brain? For my part, I should say, on the doctrine of chances, the possibilities are that such meetings are bound to occur, and that frequently.

It is on some such view of things as this that I should endeavour to explain the coincidences that mark our lives at large. There is no necessity to bring telepathy into the field at all, if we have regard to the brain and its marvellous mode of working. It might be easy indeed for the mathematician to calculate the chances of coincidences occurring, if we could supply him with a given number of thoughts as a basis. At the least, I maintain, we have no need to call on a theoretical telepathy to account for circumstances that seem to receive a reasonable explanation from the facts of everyday physiology.

ANDREW WILSON.

CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Mrs. W. J. HAIRD.—We shall be pleased to publish your last contribution, and as to the further promised one—is a diagram essential?

BLACK KNIGHT.—If the amendment holds good, your problem shall appear. E. PEARSON.—Castling is a perfectly legitimate resource in problem-solving when the positions of the King and Rook indicate its possibility.

A. W. R. (Brighton).—The reason is that if the Queen be taken the Bishop checks and is followed by R to K 8th mate.

G. D. JAYASUNDERE (Colombo).—We shall be pleased to receive your solutions, which may be sent on post-cards.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 3101 and 3102 received from Fred Long (Santiago, Chili); of No. 3108 from G. D. Jayasundere (Colombo); of Nos. 3199 and 3200 from W. Douglas (Manchester); of No. 3201 from C. Field junior (Athol, Mass.) and W. Douglas; of Nos. 3202 from A. W. Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), W. Douglas, and F. B. (Worthing); of No. 3203 from Rev. A. Mays (Bedford), Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth); G. Collins (Burgess Hill), Sorrento, W. Douglas (Manchester), C. E. Perugini, Doryman, J. A. S. Hanbury (Birmingham), and E. G. Rodway (Trowbridge).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3201 received from G. Stillingsfleet Johnson (Cobham) and R. Worters (Canterbury).

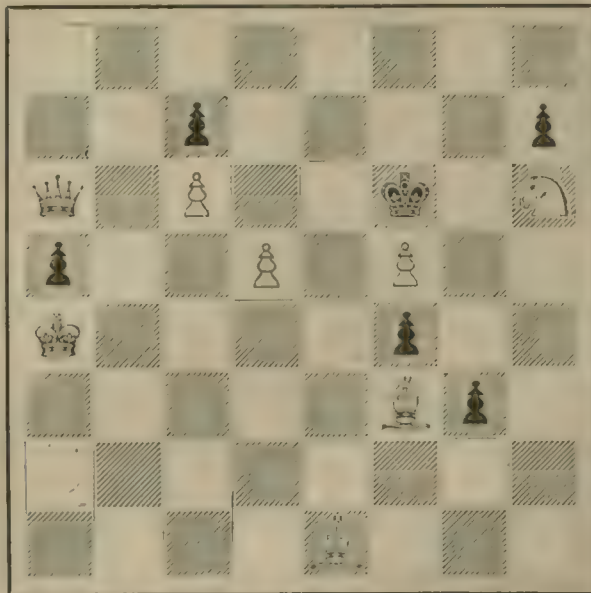
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3203.—By H. RODNEY.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Kt to B 5th K to B 2nd
2. Kt to R 6th (ch) K moves
3. Q mates.

If Black play 1. K to K 4th or K takes Kt, 2. Q to B 4th; if 1. P to Q 5th, 2. Kt (at Q 2nd) to K 4th (ch); and if 1. Any other, then 2. Q to K 6th (ch), etc.

PROBLEM No. 3206.—By A. G. BRADLEY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in the Championship Tournament of the Western Chess Association between Messrs. HARRY P. LEE and C. BLAKE.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	17. Kt (B 3) tks B	P takes Kt
2. Kt to K B 3rd	P to Q B 3rd	18. P to K R 4th	P to Q B 4th
3. B to Kt 5th	P to Q R 3rd	19. P to K 5th	Kt to K 4th
4. B to R 4th	Kt to B 3rd	20. P to B 3rd	R to Q B sq
5. P to Q 3rd	B to B 4th	21. Kt to Kt sq	R to K 3rd
6. P to B 3rd	P to Q Kt 4th	22. P to K Kt 4th	P to B 5th
7. B to B 2nd	P to Q 3rd	Some effort hereabouts might be made to release the King's Knight. The text-move only loses the Queen's Pawn, and with that the game.	
8. Q Kt to Q 2nd	B to Kt 2nd	23. Q to B 2nd	P to B 6th
9. Kt to B sq		24. Kt takes Q P	Q to Kt 3rd
Steinitz is writ large over these moves, which have for their object a concentration of force for an advance on Black's Castled King.		25. K R to B sq	R to Q 3rd
9. Kt to Kt 3rd	Kt to K 2nd	26. Kt to B 5th	Q takes Q
11. Q to K 2nd	Kt to Kt 3rd	27. R takes Q	R to Q 2nd
12. P to K R 3rd	B to Kt 3rd	28. P to K 6th	
13. Kt to B 5th	Castles	This leaves no escape, and the subsequent play of Black is sheer desperation. White's vigorous policy meets its due reward.	
14. B to Kt 5th	R to K sq	29. P takes P	Q R to Q sq
15. Castles Q R	P to Q 4th	30. P takes Kt	Kt (K 4th) takes Kt P
Putting every piece he has at the service of the attack, and giving no time for a counter assault.		31. B takes R	Kt takes K P
15. P takes P	P to Q 5th	32. B to B 6th	Kt takes R
16. P takes P	K B takes P		Resigns.

CHESS IN NEW ZEALAND.

Game played between Messrs. D. FORSYTH and F. W. KELLING.

(King's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE (Mr. F.)	BLACK (Mr. K.)	WHITE (Mr. F.)	BLACK (Mr. K.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	16. B takes R P	P to B 4th
2. P to K B 4th	P to Q 4th	17. B takes P	Kt takes B
3. P takes Q P	P takes P	18. Kt takes Kt	Kt to K 6th (ch)
P to K 5th, constituting the Falkbeer Gambit, is probably the best line of play. Black, however, seeks a venturesome game.		19. K to Kt sq	Q takes Kt
4. B to B 4th	Q to R 5th (ch)	20. B takes P	R to K 2nd
5. K to B 3rd	P to B 6th	21. P to Q 4th	Q to B 4th
6. B to Kt 5th (ch)	P to B 3rd	22. B to Kt 3rd	R to R 3rd
7. Kt takes P	Q to R 4th	23. R to K sq	B to K B 3th
8. Q to K 2nd (ch)	K to Q sq	24. P to Kt 3rd	B to R 3rd
9. P takes P	P takes P	25. Kt to K 5th	
10. B to Q B 4th	B to Q 3rd	Naturally an exchange would give 1. Pawns a chance; but Black skilfully denies the opportunity.	
11. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to K 2nd	25. P to K R 3rd	Q to K 5th
12. P to Q 3rd		26. P to Q 2nd	R to K B 3rd
White at this point hesitates and fails to recognise the weakness of his position. Neither his Queen nor his King's Rook is happily placed, and the sooner the Queen's Bishop is brought over to the King's side the better.		27. Q to K 2nd	Q to B 4th
12. Kt to K 4th	Kt to B 4th	28. Q to K 2nd	R to K sq
13. Q to B 2nd	R to K sq	29. Kt to Kt 4th	Q to Kt 3rd
K Kt to Kt 5th compels an exchange of Queens, when White's difficulties would be over.		30. B to R 4th	R (K sq) to K 4th
14. K Kt to Kt 5th	Kt to Q 2nd	31. B to Kt 3rd	Kt takes Kt
15. B to K 3rd	Kt to Q 2nd	32. B takes R	R takes B
This can scarcely be called setting a trap, because White should easily carry off the bait if it had been worth taking. It is, however, a well-judged move, and, as things turn out, serves its purpose.		33. Q to B sq	R takes R
15. B to K 3rd	Kt to Q 2nd	34. Q takes R	B to K 3th
		White resigns. The game was played at the East Strand Post Office, to the brilliancy prize in the New Zealand Chess Championship Tournament.	

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THE GREAT TREATY.

Although the main features of the new Anglo-Japanese Treaty were hinted at in London and Paris before they were published, and seem to have been known in Russian political circles before the end of last month, the document set before the world a week ago is so wide in its scope and so dazzling in its possibilities that it seems to belong to the years in which Lord Beaconsfield controlled our Foreign Affairs, rather than to these days in which so many political surprises are discounted or foreseen. If we read the Treaty aright, its greatest accomplishment in our interest lies in the fact that it restores to Great Britain the large measure of control over developments in European politics that has been quite incompatible hitherto with an insecure or menaced position in Africa or Asia.

For many years towards the close of the last century the burden of Empire lay heavy upon these islands. South Africa was full of disloyalty for a long time previous to the war in 1899, North-West Africa and Egypt held all the possibilities of a struggle of the first magnitude, the position in India was beset with ever-growing dangers, and in the Far East Russia was bluffing with a measure of success that is said to have surprised her own clever diplomatists. When the last Transvaal War broke out our position was threatened in every direction, and the story of British political progress that the past five years have to tell is one so fascinating that we doubt whether the memory of living man can recall a lustum to serve as parallel. And now it would seem that Lord Lansdowne has put the finishing touches to the story—that he has brought about the happy ending beloved equally of story-readers and peaceful citizens.

There will be few, even in the ranks of Little Englanders, conscientious objectors, Christian Scientists and other people whose mental balance has a curious adjustment, to deny that in the latest Treaty the high contracting parties have shown a most praiseworthy consideration for the rights of others. Indeed, while the Treaty will make it hard for the fire-eaters in Russia's high places to meddle with the existing status of the Far and Middle East, it does nothing to hamper Russian progress, social or commercial; while for France and Germany it does an actual service by confirming them in the possession of territory their rights to which might be hard to establish. Every country that has Far-Eastern interests—not excluding China, whose interests there are often overlooked—benefits by the Treaty. Even Korea will be the better for the change of masters, and the Koreans must needs be happier now than they could have been in the time when they were the corn and Russia and Japan were the rollers of the windmill.

Great Britain, secure in her Eastern possessions, may return to Europe, just as her great rival in the Asiatic field is forced to do, and it is likely that her influence will be felt in a way that has not been possible within the last quarter of a century. While Mediterranean problems have ceased to have the vital concern for us that they held when the Egyptian position was uncertain and the burden of Morocco's troubles lay upon London and Paris, heavy responsibilities remain and will grow with the development of European fleets, even though the preponderance of British naval strength should keep them well removed from the domain of serious anxiety.

Another notable point about the Alliance is that it may serve to remove the chief causes for friction between this country and Russia. Here, however, we are unable to see the national standpoint quite clearly because the attitude of Great Britain to Russia in Persia is not defined. Is Japan our ally if Russia seeks to make her way by force of arms or diplomacy through Teheran, Isfahan, and Shiraz to the sea? Now that the safety of India is in a measure assured, do the statements regarding the Persian Gulf made in the past few years by Lords Lansdowne and Curzon hold good, or is British diplomacy content in the knowledge that India may be deemed inviolate? To these questions no answer is forthcoming in either the Preamble or the eight articles of the Treaty, but it seems only reasonable to suppose that the British Government will be willing and even anxious to come to better terms with Russia in the future than have been possible in the past. Lord Lansdowne's letter to Sir Charles Scott seems to bear paraphrasing in this sense. Indeed, there are those who hint that if the Russian Eagles sought to take their flight from the banks of the Bosphorus the opposition would not come from the British Lion, but from birds of very similar feathering to those that adorn the standards of Muscovy. Relations between Downing Street and Yildiz Kiosk have not been cordial these many years, and Lord Salisbury's blunt confession that we put our money on the wrong horse was at once a tribute to the political sagacity of Abdul Hamid and a warning to this country to recover its losses at the earliest opportunity. We are, in the last degree, unlikely to go to war to keep Russia from the Dardanelles for the sake of the *beaux yeux* of the Padishah. That Past Master of the great game of spooft has got a good deal out of us, but it will require some weightier reason than his amiable personality to squeeze us further.

Should Russia decide that the Anglo-Japanese Treaty puts the invasion of India outside the arena of practical politics, and decide that the development of intrigue in Persia is worth less than the price that may be demanded for it, the centre of her ambitions will be transferred to Europe and the Mediterranean, and if it is politically possible for us to refrain from opposing Russian ambition there, and to leave the support of the Sultan to the Power that poses as his friend, the long-standing antagonisms may pass away. At the same time, it would be unwise to ignore the many forces that make for conflagration in the Near East, the threatened disruption of the Dual Empire, the high feeling between Bulgaria and Turkey, German developments between the eastern end of the Mediterranean and the Persian Gulf, and other matters of great moment. As we cannot tell where the trouble will come from, it is idle to speculate about the position Great Britain will occupy; suffice it that, owing to the Anglo-Japanese Treaty, it will be one that no Power in Europe can afford to ignore.



THE DESERTER.

FROM THE PAINTING BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



A RUN WITH THE HOUNDS IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

The earliest account of hunting dates from the beginning of the fourteenth century, and is in the Cotton Library in the British Museum. Note the costume of the women—the cap, the coif, and the long surcoat enveloping the body and tucked round the legs. The votaresses of Diana in those days rode astride, a fashion to which some are now reverting. The men carried a pouch and hunting-knife.

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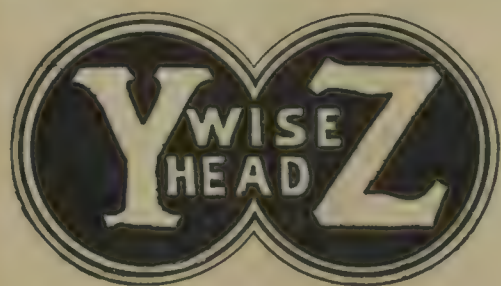
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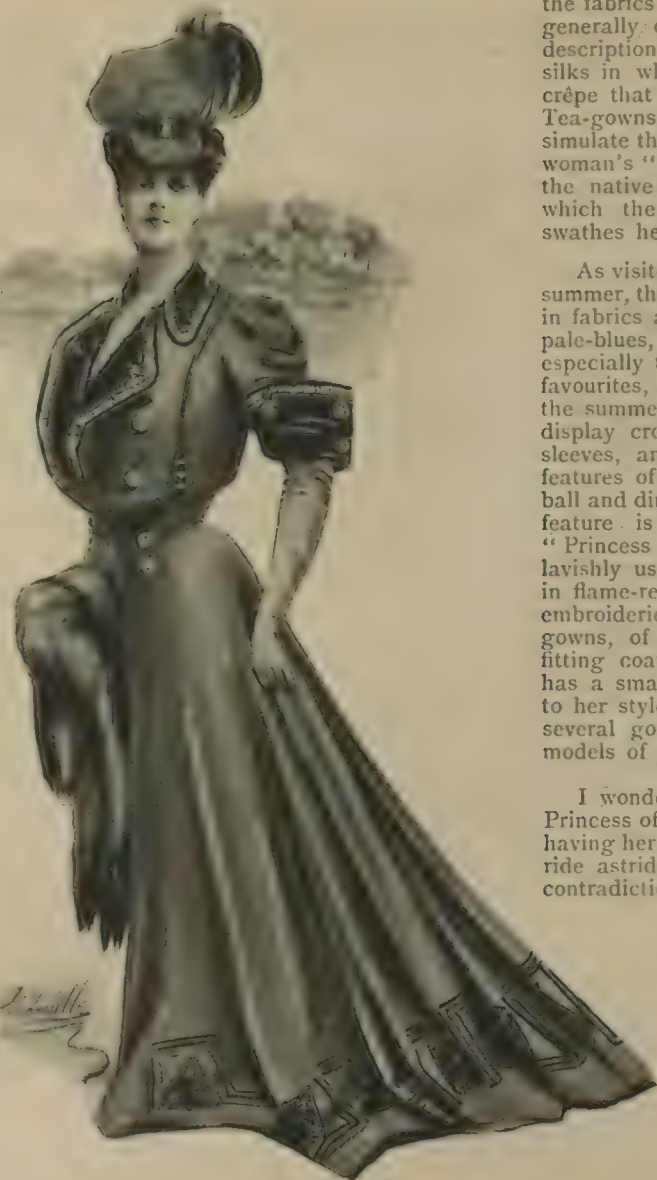


LADIES' PAGES.

The Princess of Wales is deep in the final preparation of her vast wardrobe for her Indian tour. Her Royal Highness is taking sixty ordinary costumes, in addition to the splendid robes for high occasions of State. Anglo-Indian Society will expect their Princess to show them the very latest ideas, and the native Princes would feel injured if their future Sovereign's Consort were not to present them with an ever-fresh display of elegance and even magnificence. The peoples of the world are all best satisfied that their monarchs should make great display and show! They are never grateful for such economy and indifference to mere trappings as characterised Queen Victoria. At the present time, for instance, though Italy is a poor country, and lack of extravagance on the part of the royal leaders of Society there ought to be accepted as a virtue in themselves and a precious example, it is not so at all, and the frequency with which the handsome Queen appears in the same frock and the lack of royal expenditure on great entertainments and costly decorative shows is made a cause of complaint instead of approbation. India has a traditional love for courtly splendours, and the Princess of Wales is assuredly doing what will please all classes best in taking plenty of smart gowns and many of her finest jewels.

One point the Princess is very strong about with her modistes, to wit, that British manufactures shall be used as far as possible in constructing her wardrobe. This movement for using British goods in dress was a favourite one with the late Duchess of Teck, and in every respect the Princess of Wales likes to follow the traditions set before her by her popular mother. Manner, that indescribable yet all-important thing, the general aspect and mode of speaking and looking, that can never be taught or acquired after childhood, has more to do with popularity than the most genuine excellence, and a large part of the affection felt for the late Duchess of Teck was the result of her genial, hearty manner; but she was genuinely kind and charitable too, and this kindness of conduct is followed faithfully by her daughter. A number of different dress-makers and tailors have been entrusted with portions of H.R.H.'s Indian outfit, but they have all been instructed to use British goods as far as possible.

No doubt Indian embroideries will have a turn of fashion's favour when the Princess comes back, for she is sure to order liberally from the workers of the East those gorgeous fabrics that they produce by their skilled needlework. Queen Alexandra has had a series of her Court gowns embroidered in India, Lady Curzon choosing and superintending the preparation of the royal robes; but when the Princess of Wales has chosen for herself, and shows us the real, if somewhat glaring, beauty of the gorgeous productions of the Indian art of the needle, we shall probably all patronise our poor Eastern fellow-subjects' work largely. Gold



A SMARTLY TRIMMED CLOTH GOWN.

The skirt is adorned with appliqué of velvet surrounded by lines of fine braid; and revers and collar and cuffs of the same are further decorated with silver embroidery. Handsome buttons in cut silver are also used.

is the chief feature of the Indian embroideries, while the fabrics to which its splendid stiffness is applied are generally of the softest and most gracefully draping description; the finest muslins, the thinnest of gauzes, silks in which there is not a particle of stiffness, and crêpe that is marvellous of surface and lovely of texture. Tea-gowns and evening wraps may be made in a form to simulate the graceful foldings and drapings of the Indian woman's "saree," though only the lifelong practice of the native can render that long piece of soft cloth, in which the wearer to the manner born twists and swathes herself up, a possible garment.

As visitors to India in our winter find there a second summer, the Princess of Wales is having her gowns made in fabrics and colours that recall the past season. The pale-blues, mauves, and delicate shades of yellow, especially the faint "champagne colour," that are her favourites, are produced in gowns that differ little from the summer models with which we are familiar, but that display cross over bodices, deep fitted belts, elbow-sleeves, and lace dyed to the tint of the frock, all features of the most recent adoption in costumes. The ball and dinner dresses are very beautiful, and a notable feature is the predominance of the close-fitting "Princess" style in their cut. Rich embroideries are lavishly used. One splendid gown is a Princess robe in flame-red taffetas with a berthe of Irish lace and embroideries in opalescent sequins. The tailor-made gowns, of which there are but a few, are made with fitting coat bodices, too, for the most part. H.R.H. has a smart figure, and fitting corsages are favourable to her style. It is to be particularly noted that on the several gowns the sleeves are much smaller than the models of yesterday displayed.

I wonder, by the way, if everybody knows that the Princess of Wales has set a great example to parents in having her only daughter, little Princess Mary, taught to ride astride? Such is the case. It is obvious beyond contradiction that side-saddle riding is dangerous for growing girls; the twisted and unnatural position must tend to curve the immature figure and strain the soft cartilages of the spine. For adult riders there may be no mischief in side-saddle riding, and many women insist that they are as safe with a second crutch as if they were sitting over the saddle; but it is significant that every lady who has undertaken long rides, even so quiet and conventional a traveller as Miss Isabella Bird (Mrs. Bishop) invariably has exchanged the side-saddle for the obviously natural and least-fatiguing cross-saddle position. On Dartmoor at present a well-known figure is that of a certain lady who always dashes over the broken and irregular ground of the moor



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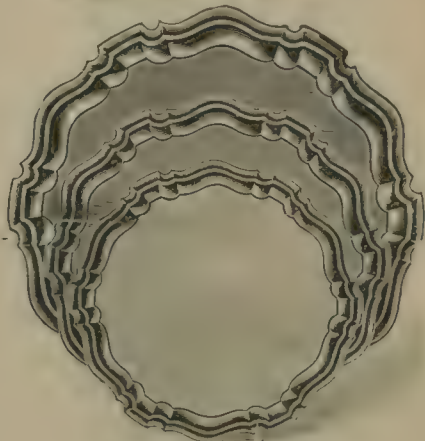


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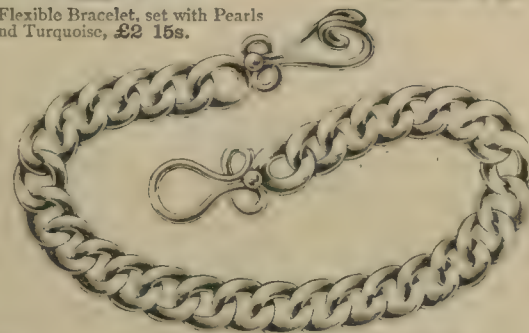
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in like manner; she wears a picturesque costume, having high, loose leather leggings, like a Stuart Cavalier's boot, with a long-basqued coat reaching the saddle. In California there is a league of ladies for riding cross-saddle, and many American and a few English ladies have extended the custom of the native women to meet their own case in the donkey-riding that is inevitable in Egypt. The natives there, used to see their own women ride so, take no notice of it, and the comparative comfort of riding on a native high-pommelled saddle on a Luxor ass, instead of on a miserable, old, tiny European side-saddle, makes the women who have the courage to adopt this mode of riding objects of envy to their less independent sisters on long and tiring trips into the desert.

The "National Union of Women Workers" holds its annual conference this year at Birmingham in the last week of October. The subjects are of the usual order: accounts are given and opinions expressed upon various forms of philanthropic effort carried on by women, these practical papers being interspersed with a great deal of the order of talk that worldly people call "goody-goody," but that many women, probably from nursery associations, are extremely partial to hearing and reading, as well as to delivering. The "National Union" holds these meetings in a different town each year. The most interesting feature about the whole series of conferences of this society is to be found, I think, in the fact that each and every large town visited actually supplies thousands of women who are ready to pay for tickets of admission to hear other women deliver addresses upon such subjects as "The Employment of Girls' Leisure," by Miss Powell, with Lady Battersea presiding; "Common Lodging-Houses," by Mrs. Higgs; "Parental Responsibility," by Mrs. Creighton, widow of the late Bishop of London; "Vacation Schools for Children," by Mrs. Humphry Ward; "Criminal Children," by Miss Baker; and "Emigration of the Poor," by half-a-dozen different speakers of special knowledge, with Lady Aberdeen, an ex-Canadian Governor's wife, in the chair. The fact thus revealed that there is deep thoughtfulness on life's problems, and that a willingness to learn from their own sex, if by good fortune members of that sex have anything to say on such subjects, really exists amongst the younger generation of women, is the main interest of the gathering.

Feather hats, the shapes entirely built of plumage set closely on a wire foundation, are very fashionable at the moment. Probably those of my readers who have to make a new hat last a good while had better not invest in these chap-aux, for two reasons: first, that they are not very



DAINTINESS IN WHITE CHIFFON.

Evening frock of white chiffon, trimmed with appliqué lace, having spaces left open to pass a band of velvet through. The same is repeated on the corsage.

stalwart of constitution, but are easily undone by wet or wind; and second, that they will shortly be superseded by fur shapes. For the nonce, however, a feather hat is charmingly pretty and very light on the head. A pure white one that looked at first sight like grebe, in a turban shape, trimmed with a big pink dahlia, a knot of pink velvet ribbon, and an upright white ostrich tip, had a charming effect. A shape of pheasant's feathers brightened by a vivid green wing, and twisted round with a gauze veil, cream spotted with black, that hung down at the back, was another success. These shapes and a large variety of the wings and plumes that are being offered for trimming have yielded to a long-continued agitation, and are the produce of fowl of the air that have been killed for food, and not for purposes of decoration alone. The result is plumes of the most varied and brilliant colouring and of forms never seen in nature on sea or land, but decorative to perfection.

High crowns are coming into favour—the inevitable reaction from the flatness of past seasons. The round dome or thimble-shaped crown, like unto but much smaller than that of a "billycock" hat, is the newest, but a straight upright crown, something like a diminished crown of a man's top-hat, with a curly brim turning high up at the sides and sloping down to a scoop at back and front, is also a good deal in evidence. The long drooping veil, falling down the back, is quite a whim of the moment; but as it is a conspicuous fashion easily imitated, it will probably not long be patronised by the really elegant woman. A short curtain-like fall of good lace or pretty gauze from the back of a hat is another matter; this, in good material has a becoming effect; but what will probably not last long is the present rage for a lengthy end of gauze, net, or tulle, hanging loose nearly to the waist, or twisted from the back of the hat round the throat and tied at the front in a bow. The practice of putting a veil right over the hat and tying the ends under the chin on a windy day, borrowed from motor-ing fashions, has the recommendation of making for comfort. The real pain often caused in a high wind by one's wide hat dragging at the roots of the hair to which it is securely pinned has been credited by doctors with causing intractable headaches, neuralgia, and other troubles, and the sensation is certainly very unpleasant. Queen Elizabeth, it is recorded, never minded rain, and went out in the coldest and most snowy weather; but she never would go out in a high wind. I have a suspicion that this was because she was afraid that the particular one of her thirty elaborate be-curved wigs that she happened to be wearing on that day might go sailing away! At all events, such a dread would be reasonable for many a woman nowadays, when to wear a "top-knot" is so common as to have ceased to be a secret; and in such an emergency the veil tied over the hat must be an even more grateful precaution and comfort than when it is the hair on its own growing roots that is in question.

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ART NOTES.

The recent addition of examples of the art of Fantin-Latour and of the art of Whistler to our National Gallery adds a little salt of appropriateness to the further conjunction of their names in an appreciation contributed by M. Bénédict to the *Gazette des Beaux Arts*. Whistler "the master" and the flinger of acid ink we know; but Whistler the student writing to a fellow student in the language of amity is an apparition summoned up for all beholders from the misty past of the 'sixties of the last century by the accomplished French critic. It is the hated critics, by the way, from whom Whistler must in the end receive his due; who did, in fact, give it to him in advance of his brother artists; and who now, as this article of M. Bénédict's shows, say their say with a freedom and effect which Whistler's waywardness in life did something to hamper and restrict.

If the conditions under which they were written were not customary in Whistler's later life, these early letters of his were, nevertheless, characteristic—Whistler was himself first and last. "I must tell you," he says to "Dear Fantin" in one of them, "that I am now exacting and hard to please in a way very different from what I was when I used to throw everything on the canvas pellmell, knowing that instinct and good colour would carry me through." And then comes a surprise as great as we feel when Charlotte Brontë is found on the brink of entering a Brussels confessional—Whistler nearly a penitent: "What a dreadful want of education I'm conscious of! With the fine qualities I possess of Nature's gift, what a painter I should now be if, vain and satisfied with those qualities, I hadn't turned up my nose at everything else!"

It is, perhaps, little more than an expression of man's habitual looking before and after and sighing for what is not that the pupil of Courbet wished he had been instead the pupil of Ingres. "Courbet and his influence have been disgusting," he says in a sentence which is followed by one which denies that Courbet had over him any influence at all. Whistler's diagnosis of the ills resulting from the Courbet tradition was that it reactionally gave Realism a charm in his eyes, "crying out loud, with all the assurance of ignorance. 'Vive la Nature!'"



THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION AT THE NEW GALLERY:
THE WIDOWER'S MITE.—H. O. SOUTHGATE.

Nature, my dear fellow—that cry has been a great misfortune for me."

The expression of a wish that he had been a pupil of Ingres is carefully conditioned. "I don't say this in rhapsody before his pictures. I have only a moderate esteem for them." He thought much of the work of Ingres, which other people hailed as Greek, "very viciously French." But "how healthy his leading would have been for us" all the same. Then we light on an exclamation: "Drawing, by Jove, drawing's the thing. Colour—honestly, colour is vice." At least the paradoxical vocabulary that was to have its setting of paradox in a "lecture" after dinner in a London drawing-room was already apparent in Whistler, the letter-writer of two or three decades earlier—the letter-writer who declares that Colour, unless guided by Drawing, is a lady of no conduct at all.

The Uffizi Gallery, seen by many English visitors during the Florence season just beginning, has no stranger department in its strange medley of Artists' Portraits than that of the British School. Here there are portraits of men of such small standing that at Burlington House their works are annually hung and lost in the wilderness, without an effort at distinction. Leighton's and Mr. Orchardson's are eminent among their fellows, living and dead; but it is hardly such modern representation that will uphold the noble fame of English portraiture abroad. It is gratifying, therefore, to see on a screen in the famous gallery a recent acquisition of first-class importance. This is an interesting autograph presentment of Romney, painted with so great artistic sensitiveness that it does not appear incongruously situated in a gallery where Titian's and Tintoretto's masterpieces of portraiture are housed. W. M.

The Naval Exhibition at Earl's Court will celebrate Trafalgar Day, Oct. 21, with a Nelson Fête, and all the money paid for admission to the Exhibition on that day will be given without deduction to naval charities.

The London, Brighton, and South Coast and London and North-Western Railway Companies have arranged for the through service between Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, Birmingham, etc., and Brighton, Eastbourne, Hastings, and other South Coast stations to continue running on every week-day during the whole of the winter period.

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LORD CURZON'S FAREWELL TO SIMLA.

On Friday evening last the United Service Club gave a dinner at Simla in honour of Lord Curzon. Mr. J. P. Hewett, member for Commerce and Industry of the Viceroy's Council, presided over one of the largest club gatherings ever held in Simla, and made a speech worthy of the occasion. He lauded the retiring Viceroy's indefatigable energy, and declared that even the details of government received his personal attention. Lord Curzon had quickened every branch of Indian Administration, and had given the best of his health and strength to the service of the country. His official life had been passed in splendid isolation, but Lady Curzon had been his loyal comrade-in-arms. Mr. Hewett, whose speech evoked no little enthusiasm, gave expression to the widespread hope that Lord Curzon's health would benefit by rest and change, and that he would not cease from rousing the public of Great Britain to a proper sense of the problems that India presents in such endless variety.

Lord Curzon's reply, which took more than an hour in delivery, was a model of what such a speech should be. He avoided all contentious topics, leaving his work with confidence to the slow but sure verdict of futurity, and declaring that he had no wish to anticipate the judgment that history would form. For the rest, he wished to thank his assistants for the devotion that had made his work possible and permanent. Such victories as he might have achieved he wished to share with those who served so loyally. He claimed for his associates that they constitute the highest minded public service in the world. This function is of special interest, for there can be little doubt in the minds of men competent to judge that history will rank Curzon with Dalhousie among the Viceroys of our great Asiatic Empire. Few men have seen India's problems with clearer eyes, or handled them with a greater disregard for personal popularity. Many a change in India's administration has been made by the retiring Viceroy in the face of bitter opposition, and until the benefits begin to grow and obtain widespread recognition, the great worth of Lord Curzon's rule will be obscured by the personal views of interested parties.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The late Dr. Barnardo had many old and staunch supporters among the leaders of the Church of England. I may mention especially Canon Fleming, Archdeacon Sinclair, Prebendary Webb-Peploe, and the Rev. F. S. Webster. The Archbishop of Armagh had a place on the Albert Hall platform on the occasion of Dr. Barnardo's thirtieth anniversary, when the chief speech

outside the Church of England, whom Dr. Barnardo specially cherished—C. H. Spurgeon and D. J. Moody. One of Mr. Spurgeon's last public appearances was made at the Albert Hall in the summer of 1890, when he pleaded eloquently on behalf of the Children's Homes.

A committee, of which Lord Kinnaid is president, is arranging for the presentation to the Rev. W. H. Griffith-Thomas on Oct. 26. The meeting will be held in the hall of the Portman Rooms. Mr. Thomas preached his farewell sermon to a large congregation at St. Paul's, Portman Square, on Sunday. I am glad to learn that he is now quite restored to health, and is entering under the happiest auspices on his work as Principal of Wycliffe Hall, Oxford.

The parishioners of All Souls', Leeds, have presented an episcopal ring to Canon Hook, D.D., their past Vicar, on his appointment as Bishop of Kingston-on-Thames. Dr. Hook was Vicar of the parish from 1876 until 1891, and has still innumerable friends in Leeds.

The Bishop of Manchester made a striking reference to Japan in his speech of last week on behalf of the Bible Society. He described the Japanese as a naturally Christian people—a people capable of a grand act of self-denial in the cause of peace. It is for England, in Dr. Knox's opinion, to say whether Japan shall be, in the future, a more burning and shining light in the cause of Christ than ever England has been. The close of the

war brings also, as the Bishop urged, a new opportunity in Russia, where the Bible Society is already welcomed.

The new Vicar of Leeds, Dr. Samuel Bickersteth, preached a very powerful inaugural sermon in the Parish Church. Choosing as his text the words, "What think ye of Christ?" he declared his own message with eloquence and solemnity. In the course of his address he made a sympathetic reference to Nonconformist work in Leeds—a reference which promises well for the future relations of all denominations under his leadership.



THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION AT THE NEW GALLERY: BY QUIET WATERS.—AUBREY HARRIS.

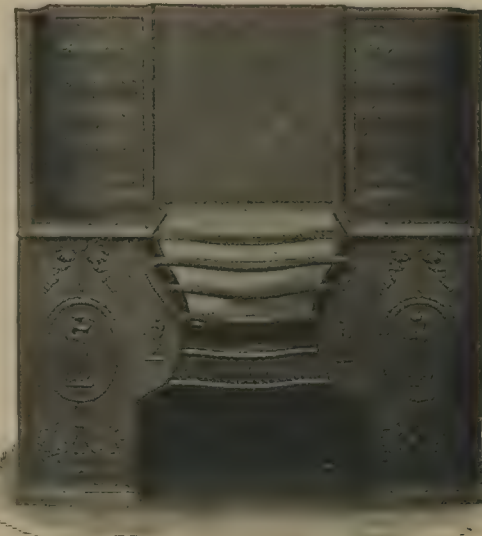
was made by the Prince of Wales, now his Majesty King Edward VII. Dr. Barnardo's helpers, I am told, regard that occasion as the crown of his career. He showed a wonderful energy in organising the games, and was rewarded by the evident delight of the Princess of Wales and her daughters. It was one of his happy thoughts that little waifs from Babies' Castle should present branches of wild flowers to the Princesses.

The best leaflet I ever read on Dr. Barnardo's work was from the pen of the Rev. F. S. Webster, who is always pointed and quotable. There were two preachers,



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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated May 25, 1905) of **MR. WILLIAM SUMNER**, of Butt Hill, Prestwich, near Manchester, who died on Aug. 23, was proved on Sept. 21 by Mrs. Emily Sumner, the widow, and Harold Sumner, Leonard Sumner, and Bertram Sumner, the sons, the value of the estate amounting to £207,632. The testator gives £7000 to his son Bertram; £1000, and during her widowhood £3000 per annum, to his wife; £1000 to his niece Kathleen Brown, and the residue of his property in equal shares to his three sons.

The will (dated Dec. 7, 1904) of **MR. CHARLES DIGBY HARROD**, of Culverwood, Cross in Hand, Sussex, founder of Harrod's Stores, in the Brompton Road, whose death took place on Aug. 15, was proved on Sept. 21 by Mrs. Caroline Harrod, the widow, Henry Herbert Harrod, the son, and Miss Emily Maud Harrod, the daughter, the amount of the property being £147,494. The testator bequeaths £1000 and the household effects to his wife; £2000 to his son; and £1000 each to his daughters Emily Maud, Amy Caroline, Beatrice Martha, Olive May, and Eva Margaretta, on their marriage or the decease of his wife. Subject thereto he leaves two fifths of the income of his property to his wife and three fifths to his eight children. On the death of Mrs. Harrod the ultimate residue is to be equally divided among his children Henry Herbert, Emily Maud, Amy Caroline, Beatrice Martha, Olive May, Eva Margaretta, Fanny Elizabeth Conder, and Grace Miriam Martin.

The will of **MR. WILLIAM WOOD**, of Red Bank, Hornsey Lane, and 5 and 6, Edmund Place, Aldersgate Street, who died on Aug. 21, was proved on Sept. 26 by William Howard Wood and Sydney Ernest Wood, the sons, and Benjamin Stephenson, the value of

the real and personal estate being £109,858. The testator gives £500 each to his sisters Charlotte Phillips and Emily Rose Wood; £100 per annum to his sister, Mrs. Herbert Barter; £500, an annuity of £1200, and

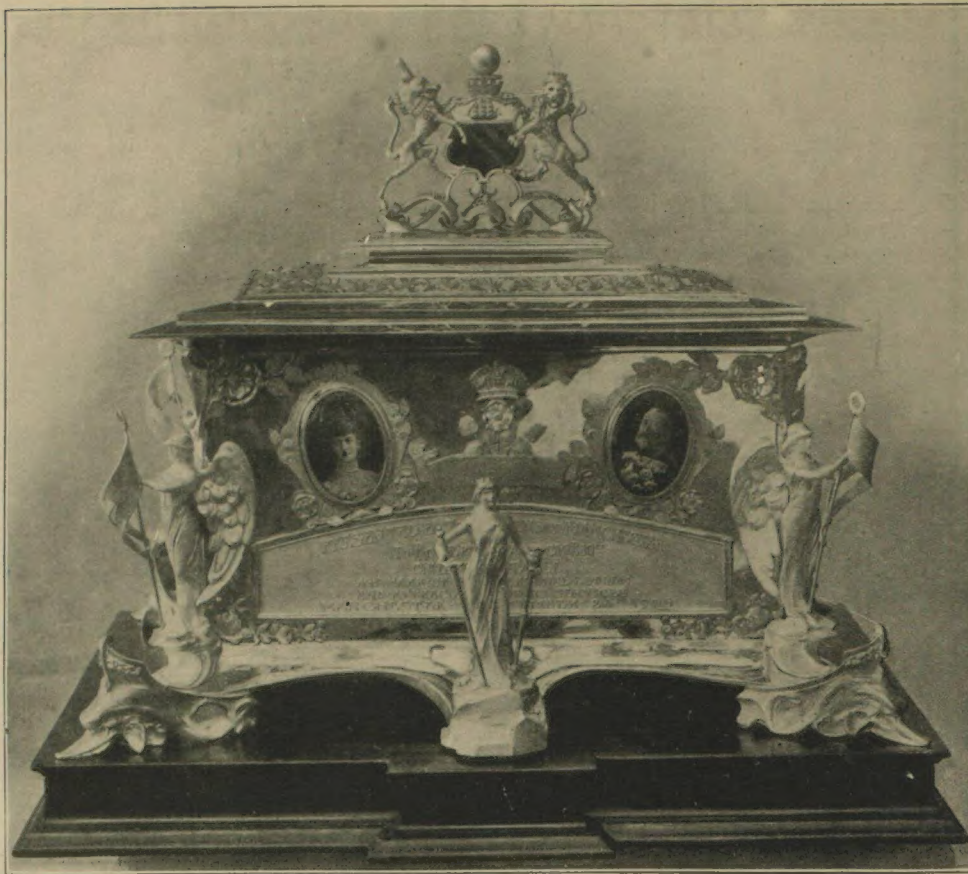
knoll, Grosvenor Road, Bournemouth, and late of Dorking, who died on July 10, was proved on Sept. 21 by Miss Ann Gammon, the daughter, the value of the property being £48,111. The testatrix

the use of his residence and furniture to his wife; £1000 to his brother, Alfred Cummins Wood; and £200 to Benjamin Stephenson. Everything else he shall die possessed of he leaves in equal shares to his children.

The will (dated Nov. 8, 1904) of **MR. GEORGE CALVER MASON**, of Broadwater, Ipswich, who died on Aug. 30, was proved on Sept. 25 by Mrs. Lætitia Maria Mason, the widow, and George Godson Mason, Ernest Calver Mason, and Harold Percy Mason, the sons, the value of the estate amounting to £79,865. The testator gives £6000, in trust, for each of his daughters, Catherine Mary Grace Snell and Mabel Constance Mason; his interest in the Mason's Paper Mill Company to his son Oswald Hugh; and £500 and the household effects to his wife, and the income from a sum of £20,000 is to be paid to her for life, and then for his children and grandchildren as she shall appoint. The residue of his property he leaves to his sons.

The will of **MR. ALEXANDER CUMMINS HARVEY**, of Raglan House, Brooklands, Chester, who died on Aug. 7, has been proved by his sons Alexander Gordon Cummins Harvey and Charles Cummins Harvey, the value of the estate being £51,380. The testator gives his debentures in Fothergill, Harvey, Limited, to his daughters Amelia Cummins Bury Smith and Alice Cummins Sandys; and his ordinary and preference shares to his sons Henry, Sidney, Ernest, Alexander, and Charles. Mr. Harvey does not dispose of the residue of his property.

The will (dated Sept. 8, 1891) of **MRS. ANN GAMMON**, of Ravensknoll, Grosvenor Road, Bournemouth, and late of Dorking, who died on July 10, was proved on Sept. 21 by Miss Ann Gammon, the daughter, the value of the property being £48,111. The testatrix



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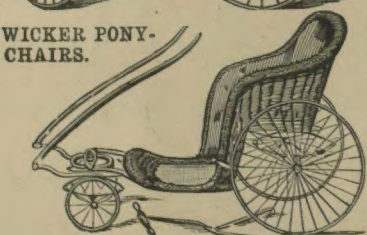
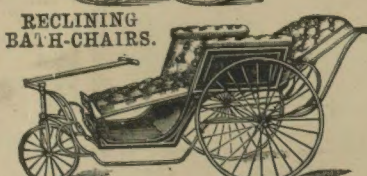
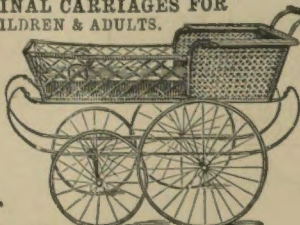
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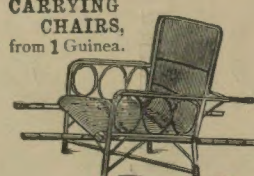
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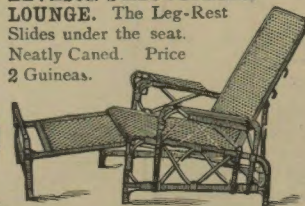
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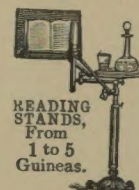
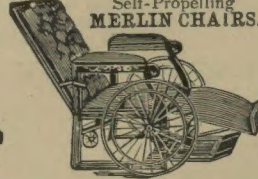
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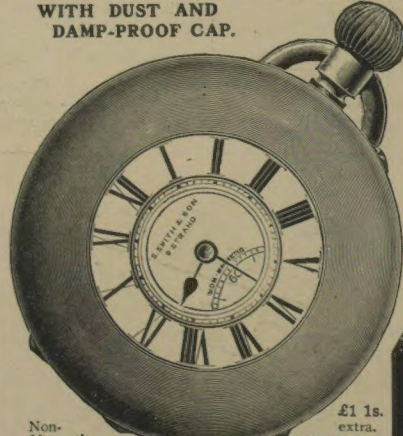
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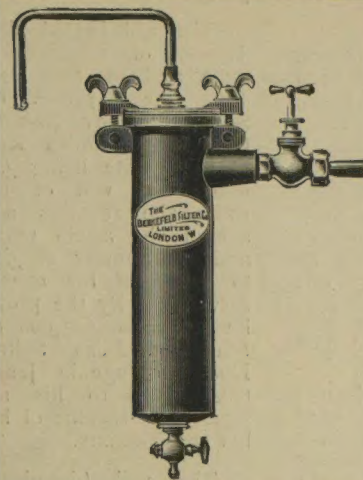
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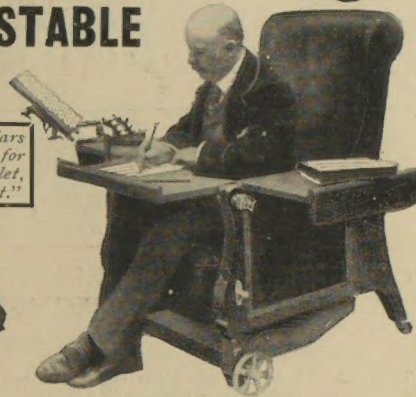
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leaves everything she shall die possessed of to her daughter.

The will (dated March 9, 1905) of JOHN GASPARD LE MARCHANT, BARON ROMILLY, of 77, Harley Street, and Porthkerry, Barry, who died on June 23, has been proved by Sir Philip Henry Brian Grey Egerton, Bart., and Major Frederick Edward Grey Ponsonby, C.V.O., the value of the estate being £57,457. The testator gives to his wife the use of his town house and one half of the furniture, to be selected by her, and £500 per annum during the joint lives of her mother, Lady Henriette Grey Egerton, and herself; and to Major Ponsonby £200. The residue of his property he leaves to his first son who shall attain twenty-one years of age.

The will (dated July 6, 1896) of MRS. CATHARINE BLANSHARD, of Camerton Hall and Castle Head, Keswick, Cumberland, widow, who died on July 24, has been proved by Edward Lamb Waugh, the value of the property amounting to £26,761. The testatrix gives £100 each to the British and Foreign Bible Society and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel; £3000 each to Kate, Isabel, and Thomasina Falcon;

£1000 to Gordon Falcon; and the residue of her property to the Church Missionary Society.

The will (dated Nov. 14, 1904) of MR. WILLIAM JESSOP, of Thomsett Lodge, Bradfield Dale, Ecclesfield, and of Scarborough, Yorkshire, who died on July 4, was proved on Sept. 14 by Henry Vincent Soltau, Sydney Joseph Robinson, Harcourt Everard Clare, and Philip Kenyon Wake, the gross value of the estate being £90,382. His wife coming into, under the will of her father, £2000 per annum while she remains a widow or £1000 per annum should she again marry, he now gives to her £500 and an annuity of £1000 should she again marry; to each of his executors £250; and legacies to servants. By the provisions of the will of his father, he appoints £25,000 each to his daughters Frances Margaret Eliza Soltau, Maud Mary Jessop, and Dorothy Eugenia Jessop, and the remainder of the trust funds to his son Thomas on his coming of age. The residue of his property he leaves in trust for his son Thomas.

The will (dated Aug. 6, 1901) of AUGUSTA FREDERICA, BARONESS HENLEY, of Watford Court,

Northampton, who died on July 27, has been proved by Mrs. Emily Georgiana Nugent, the sister, the value of the estate being £26,761. The testatrix leaves all her property to her sister.

Mr. G. V. de Luca invites subscriptions to the de Luca City Fund in aid of the sufferers from the recent earthquake in Italy. Communications should be addressed to 6 and 7, Long Lane, Aldersgate Street, E.C.

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